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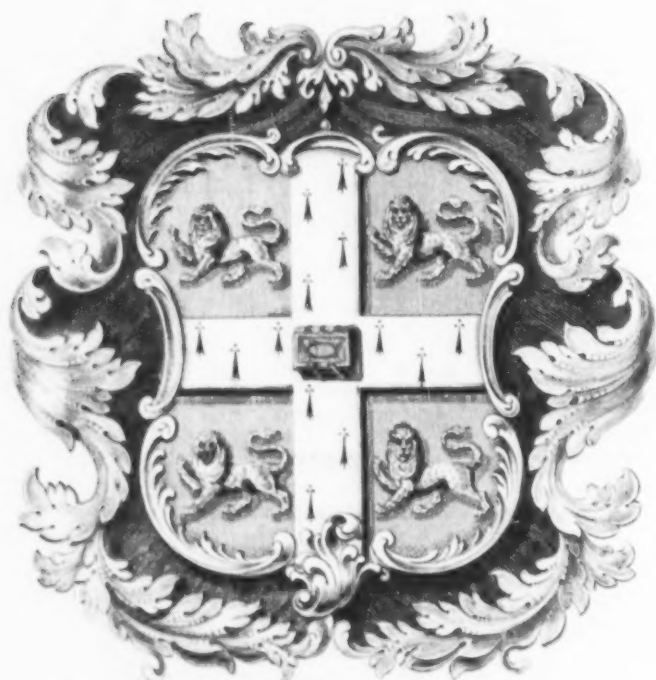
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ECLECTIC REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1858.

ART. I.—THE RELATION OF ROMAN CATHOLICISM AND PROTESTANTISM TO THE FINE ARTS.

Des Beaux Arts en Italie au point de vue religieux : Lettres écrites de Rome, Naples, Pise, &c., et suivies d'un Appendice sur l'Iconographie de l'Immaculée Conception. Par Ath. Coquerel, fils, Pasteur Suffragant de l'Eglise Réformée de Paris. Paris : Joël Cherbuliez, Editeur, 10, Rue de la Monnaie. 1857.

ROMAN CATHOLICS have always boasted that their religion has been uniformly and exclusively favourable to the growth and development of the Fine Arts, and have stigmatized Protestantism as a cold, barbarous, and tasteless religion, because she has not yet been able to furnish as long and as eminent a list of great painters and sculptors as that which graces the bright annals of Italian Art. This reproach Protestants have too easily received, and too quietly borne. They have allowed themselves to be dazzled by an imposing list of great names, without inquiring how much of their greatness was owing to their religion; they have listened to the instances in which the Church of Rome has, undoubtedly, aided the progress of the Fine Arts, without thinking of those in which she has dictated their direction, and cramped their energies. If, however, they would take the trouble to investigate, instead of taking for granted the self-sufficient assertions of their antagonists, they would speedily find that they are far too sweeping and general, and that much prejudice and not a little falsehood are mixed up in the allegations so triumphantly advanced and so confidently relied upon. We might refer to the history of the past for a refutation of the exclusive claims of Rome. We might cite

the melancholy fate of the gifted Torrigiano tortured and dying in the cells of the Inquisition, because, in just indignation, he had shivered a beautiful statue of the Virgin and Child upon receiving from the Duke of Arcos, who had commissioned it, the paltry sum of thirty ducats in maravedis. We might instance Alonso Cano, the Michael Angelo of Spain, narrowly escaping a similar fate for a similar offence. We might point to the whole history of Spanish Art, where the Roman Catholic Church, though a munificent patron, was also a rigid and intolerant censor; laying down the most minute rules for the guidance of the painter, prescribing the colour and disposition of draperies, the arrangement of hair, the position of the hands and feet, and innumerable other minute particulars, any departure from which was punished as a crime by the Inquisition, who had a censor for the purpose of enforcing these regulations, — an office which was once held by the learned Pachecho, the father-in-law of the great Velasquez. Passing from Spain to Italy, we might refer to the spoliation of the bronzes of the Pantheon by Pope Urban VIII.; to the churches of Naples adorned from the spoils of Greek and Roman Art; and to eight years of the glorious life of Michael Angelo, wasted in quarrying marble and excavating a road by the command of Pope Leo X. But we prefer coming to more modern days, and showing that the infallible Church still continues to dictate to Art, and to prescribe rules for genius just as stringent and particular as in the days of the quaint and learned Pachecho. In 1854, Cardinal Sterckx, Archbishop of Malines, published a volume bearing the title, “A short dissertation upon the manner of representing by painting the mystery of the Immaculate Conception of the very holy Virgin Mary.” In 1856, the Bishop of Bruges published, at Brussels, a work entitled, “Iconography of the Immaculate Conception of the very holy Virgin Mary, or concerning the best manner of representing that mystery.” And lastly, a Jesuit, Father Cahier, published, in the journal called *La Voix de la Vérité* a third work upon the same subject. Of these three productions, that of the bishop is the most elaborate. It prescribes the attitude and treatment of every part of the subject,—the feet, the hands, the face, the eyes, the hair, the number, form, and colour of the garments. But this is not all. In September, 1856, the “Association for the Promotion of Christian Art,” formed under the auspices and sanction of Pius IX., held its first meeting at Cologne. His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne and two bishops directed the deliberations. The inaugural discourse was pronounced by Mgr. Baulri. He enlarged upon the necessity of re-uniting

the bonds between the Fine Arts and Religion, of which they ought to be the expression, and of resisting the deleterious influences of classical Paganism, and concluded in the following significant terms:—

“The unity necessary in the Arts is, that the form may be worthy of the sacred object which it ought to express. *Always confining itself within the impassable limits of the direction of the Church, and of sound tradition.* Liberty then, for all which, *within these limits*, constitutes the individuality of the artist, and honour to the tendencies which *the Church inspires and directs.*”

A liberty this, somewhat like that of the prisoner of Chillon who was perfectly free to march in all directions round the pillar to which he was fastened, as far as the length of his chain would permit. But what shall we say of a Church that arrogates to herself the exclusive patronage of Art, and yet presumes to enslave genius, to enchain imagination, and shut up inspiration within the narrow limits of ecclesiastical tradition? No wonder that in the Italy of to-day, we find servile copyists instead of great masters; that the two best sculptors in Rome are foreigners and Protestants; and that the general decadence of Art in the Eternal City is brilliantly contrasted by its wonderful progress in Great Britain; where in *tableaux de genre*, portrait, and landscape, the achievements of that heretical school, are equal to any that have graced the palmiest days of Roman Catholic Art. But, it may be said, it has been admitted for ages that the Church of Rome has been a zealous and enlightened patron of the Fine Arts, and that Protestantism cannot support and develope them in an equal degree. To this, we shall content ourselves with replying in the words of St. Cyprian, “*Consuetudo sine veritate vetustas est erroris;*” and we shall now proceed to examine the learned and elegant volume of M. Coquerel, which will clearly show how much error really exists in the prevalent and fashionable opinion with regard to the exclusively favourable influence of the Roman Catholic Church upon the progress and development of the Fine Arts, and also that Protestantism may yet give them a nobler impulse, and a higher development than they have ever yet received.

M. Coquerel considers Italian Art as exhibited at Naples, Rome, and Paris; takes a general view of Italian architecture, and concludes by a very interesting appendix on the iconography of the Immaculate Conception. On two occasions he spent a considerable time in Italy, and is familiar with her language, history, and art. His volume opens at Naples, that “*fedelissima città*” where Popery is more triumphant than in

Rome herself; where the royal family and the ministers of state figure in the ceremonies of religion, and where even the officers and Protestant soldiers of the Swiss guard are compelled to carry tapers in processions, and to adore the Host on their knees. Here, therefore, if anywhere, in this city so especially Catholic, the Fine Arts ought to have flourished with unrivalled splendour; and yet, what is really the case? The Roman Catholics of Naples have despoiled the remains of Greek and Roman Art to embellish their churches, and one may behold in a Christian temple such Pagan ornaments as the Rape of Proserpine, and a Bacchanal; and, in the Crypt of St. Januarius, the sacred and sombre chapel where repose the ashes of the patron saint of Naples, may still be seen, among the Pagan bas-reliefs which decorate the walls, the Triumph of Venus, drawn by her votaries harnessed to her car. Thus the inspiration of Romanism has led the Neapolitans to pillage the beautiful but obscene remains of ancient Art, and to desecrate with their spoils the interior of Christian temples. It has also led them to destroy the beautiful Gothic churches built by the Normans, who conquered Naples in the twelfth century, and by the Angevin dynasty in the thirteenth, by transforming them into modern Italian.

"In truth," says Mr. Coquerel, "it is luxury, the love of display, the passion for brilliant colours and colossal proportions, which have destroyed Catholic Art. The taste which reigns here is Jesuitical. Look at their principal church, the *Giesu Nuovo*. It is not very large, but the pilasters which sustain the roof are enormous; the paintings and statues are more gigantic and more extravagant than anywhere else, and a Saint Philomena in wood and wax, magnificently dressed, and adorned with splendid jewels, is placed upon the altar in a glass tomb. All this appears extremely beautiful and in the most delicate taste to the greater number of the Neapolitans."

The origin of this saint, as related by M. Coquerel, is very curious. She was born of a philological conjecture, in 1802. A skeleton was found in one of the Roman catacombs under a broken stone, on which were distinguishable the olive branch and the anchor, ordinary emblems on Christian tombs, and, besides, two arrows and a javelin, which appeared to indicate the burial place of some martyr. These symbols were accompanied by an inscription, the beginning and end of which were wanting, "... *lumena pax tecum* *fi*" It was impossible to make it out; *lumena* was either the end of some word, or an unknown word, *fi* the commencement of another word. At last, a clever fellow extricated the Romish clergy from their difficulty. He wrote the inscrutable inscription in a circle, and

then joined the syllable *fi* to the truncated word *lumena*. The whole, thus arranged, signified, "Peace to thee, Philomena!"—a charming name for a saint, meaning "beloved." In this way the saint was compounded of several pieces; of the end of one word and the beginning of another. Pius VII. presented the skeleton of this new saint to a Neapolitan prelate who was sent to compliment him. Soon afterwards a priest was favoured with a vision, in which the saint appeared to him, and informed him that she had suffered martyrdom because, having made a vow of celibacy, she refused to marry the emperor; and these interesting historical details were further supplemented by an artist, who also had a vision, in which it was revealed to him that the name of the emperor was Diocletian. Thanks to the Jesuits, Saint Philomena has had a rapid success; she has churches in Naples and several in Paris; and thus, in this enlightened nineteenth century, with some unknown bones, and some fragmentary syllables, they have created a name, a saint, a complete legend, and a new worship. In his second letter, M. Coquerel most truly points out that, in painting as well as in architecture, Naples has most signally failed. The greatest masters that have ever wrought within her walls have been foreigners, and her school presents but a deplorable and disgraceful history, rich in acts of perfidy and revenge, poor in genius, but fertile in presumptuous and successful mediocrity. The national religion has covered two or three hundred churches with pictures without creating a single *chef-d'œuvre*. The little that Naples possesses she owes to strangers. M. Coquerel thus eloquently sums up his views of Neapolitan Art:—

"That with which I reproach Neapolitan Catholicism, is to have made itself on all occasions subservient to the grossest credulity, in making itself the eager accomplice of that false, puerile, and corrupted taste. These imaginations so easily impressed, that impatient and unreflecting levity, that vulgar passion for display, have been adopted and favoured by the clergy with all their might. In this way, Art has died under the false glare of luxury,—a just and natural punishment; but a punishment hard to bear for a Church which calls herself the mother and the fountain of the Fine Arts, and which has succeeded in making the world believe that she has merited these noble titles."

Several eloquent letters are devoted to Rome; the most important of which treat of "Modern Art," the "Exigencies of Art and of Worship," "Christian Antiquity at Rome," and "Protestantism at Rome." It must not for a moment be imagined that M. Coquerel is animated by any feeling of fanatical hatred towards the Church of Rome; the whole spirit

and treatment of his work contradicts such a supposition. It is throughout calm and moderate in tone, and remarkable for fairness and candour.

"Huguenot as I am," he says, "at heart and from conviction, I would be ashamed of myself, and would bring disgrace upon my Church if I hesitated for a single instant to recognise the good that there is in the Church of Rome; it is with this feeling that I have traversed the city of the Caesars and of the Popes, filled with the monuments of her double reign over the world."

The distant view of the dome of St. Peter's aspiring heavenward, like a symbol of prayer, fascinated the imagination of M. Coquerel; but, on entering Rome the illusion vanished:—

"The false taste which harassed me at Naples, and which I had simply hoped to leave there behind me, reigns here in full sovereignty, with less frivolity, but in a still more painful fashion, because the artist has often the appearance of having sought what he has most signally failed to find. Rome is filled with statues which date from Bernini and his school. The hair and draperies are twisted and distorted in every possible way, as if the person represented had been on the open sea during a hurricane, and had sustained the shock of the raging winds. As to the attitudes, it seems as if the sculptor had chosen for his models actors in a melodrama, or bad singers supplying by extravagant gesticulation their musical incompetence; and this is all the more painful as the proportions of these abominable statues are colossal. What a series of awkward, fat, stuck-up angels decorate the Bridge of St. Angelo! What would the Emperor Adrian, the builder of that bridge, think of them, though he witnessed but the decline of the Arts? In the church of St. John Lateran, *mother and chief of all the churches of the city and of the world*, a long range of colossal statues represents the apostles, and these are scarcely in better taste than those upon the bridge. At St. Peter's it is still worse; there are a number of statues of this kind, which are sixteen feet in height. Do we, therefore, assert that there are no good modern statues in Rome? They exist, it is true, but one perhaps in 500, and among the 500 we may reckon 400 at least which are not merely indifferent, but absolutely detestable."

As a specimen of the way in which the Popes have sometimes patronized art, our author alludes to Urban VIII., who despoiled the Pantheon of 456,250 pounds weight of metal, and had afterwards the effrontery to vaunt this piece of Vandalism in an inscription engraved upon marble and placed under the portico of the plundered temple, thus giving occasion to the celebrated satire of Pasquin, "*Quod non fecerunt barbari, fecêre Barberini.*" In the second letter from Rome there is a glowing and brilliant eulogy upon Raphael's masterpiece—"The Transfiguration":—

"One thing only," says M. Coquerel, "seems in my eyes to be beneath the subject, and that is the head of Christ. It is, indeed, admirably painted, which was most difficult to effect; as seen in front from below, the face is widened and foreshortened, which makes it lose something of its nobleness. These difficulties have been vanquished with consummate art. However, the expression, although bearing the impress of a loving majesty and a glorious serenity, remains far below what it ought to be. To me this is the only fault in the picture—a serious, but, I believe, inevitable defect. Which raises the important question, Does there exist in the whole domain of Art a single head of Christ which fully satisfies the Christian sentiment?"

In the third letter from Rome there is an admirable criticism of the celebrated "Dispute of the Sacrament," where the whole Roman Catholic system of theology is depicted with unequalled skill and grandeur. The following remarks are equally true and curious:—

"It represents not the Romish Church, but the Christian dogma as defined by that Church in the year 1500. The Christian sentiment, the Christian life, love, and duty, the meditations and the struggles of a strict conscience, or of a fervent heart, have scarcely any place in that official theology, in that faith of outward show. Nothing is personal or heartfelt; all is brilliant, but formal and external. The heavens and the earth are only a magnificent theatre where God and the Church appear before the painter and before his admirers. Christ there, is but a king of heaven, and would almost resemble the supreme divinities of paganism, the bloody marks on his hands alone recalling the crucified one. As to our world, no one there lifts an eye towards the open heaven filled with beings superior to humanity. It is towards the Host that every regard is turned; that material God, that Christ physically present, is the true God and the true Saviour for that crowd of fathers, popes, bishops, and faithful servants of the Church."

M. Coquerel afterwards contrasts with this picture of formal, official Christianity, so full of genius and marvellous in execution, the equally celebrated "School of Athens," which sprung directly from the inspiration of Renaissance, and which he considers a far superior work of Art.

An amusing account is given of a public consistory at Rome, and of the capping of three new cardinals, which is thus eloquently summed up:—

"The arranged programme is as perfectly filled up as it can possibly be with a great deal of external dignity and elegant gravity. In general, everything ceremonial is performed here with consummate ability, with an exquisite feeling of taste and propriety. The talent of playing a part well appears universal at Rome. I shall recapitu-

late the impression which all that solemnity produced upon me, by saying, that these pomps, often ridiculous in their details, are, as a whole, magnificent and imposing. It is not Religion; it is Art. It is a satisfaction given to a people greedy of spectacles. It is an answer to the famous cry, *panem et circenses*, or rather it is an answer to the second of these demands; for the first, in consequence of the exorbitant luxury, has become somewhat difficult to gratify. But what is there in common between all this and the Gospel? between all this and Jesus of Nazareth, the man of sorrows, who had not where to lay his head? I ask in vain. I have seen beneath the vast roof of the Basilica of St. John Lateran all hung with red silk damask, Pius IX. borne on the shoulders of a dozen men clad in crimson; his cardinals preceded him, their long purple robes sweeping the marble floor. His noble-guard, his Swiss, and a multitude of bishops and priests surrounded him; and he, clothed in ample robes of white silk, a golden mitre on his brow, passed along the central nave, borne to his throne above the kneeling crowd, whom he smiled upon and blessed with a gentle and venerable air. But what seemed to me infinitely curious, was the occasion and the object of this majestic and tranquil triumph, preferable assuredly to those of the Roman generals. All this was done in honour of St. John Baptist, the rude prophet of Bethabara, the indomitable martyr of Herodias, that terrible preacher, nourished upon wild honey and locusts, clothed with camel's hair, and with a girdle of skin about his loins, who cried in the desert, 'O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?'"

M. Coquerel was present at Rome during the illumination of St. Peter's, and he gives an eloquent description of its magnificence, and of the appearance of its vast interior during the *fête* of the saint. When the Pope enters the church he is preceded by a splendid *cortège*, at the head of which are borne three episcopal mitres, and three papal tiaras, which (as our author was informed by a priest) are intended to symbolize that the Pope is bishop and chief of three churches; the Church militant upon earth, the Church purifying in purgatory, and the Church triumphant in heaven. On inquiring how a man who acknowledged God and Christ, and who pretended to have had 269 predecessors, could call himself chief of the Church in heaven, he learned that he did so because he possessed the key of it. The following is the conclusion of the able and interesting letter in which M. Coquerel describes the ceremonies of the *fête* of St. Peter, the superstition of the "*Santissimo Bambino*," and a sermon in the Coliseum by Father Joseph, one of the most celebrated preachers in Rome:—

"There are three catholicisms: that of external pomp, which is only vanity; that of superstition, which is the debasement of the

human spirit; that of moral and religious teaching where is preserved a living spark of the light from on high, which is the soul that yet keeps alive that vast body of the Romish Church of which one half is already struck by the chill of death, and the other by its corruption."

One of the most important letters in the volume before us is that devoted to the consideration of the "Exigencies of Art and of Worship;" and, as the principal objects of the work, and the peculiar views of the author are there clearly expressed, we need make no apology for the following lengthy quotation:—

"It would be absurd to deny that the Catholic Church has rendered eminent service to artists, were it only by the call which she has made upon the fertility of their talent. It is evident that, in a purely industrial and material point of view, in what is commonly called demand and consumption, the Romish worship has opened up to those skilled in all the Fine Arts a career of work, of profit, and of reputation. We doubt not that this may often be to the detriment of religion; but it is not that which we wish at present to prove. We think that it is to the great damage of the Arts themselves, and we request permission to insist upon this point, shortly glanced at in our previous letters. It is by facts and proofs, not by abstract reasonings, that we shall support our assertion. And that assertion is shortly as follows: the Catholic religion and Art have opposite interests; conditions of existence and success, which are irreconcilable. That which is indispensable to the one, is often hurtful, sometimes fatal, to the other. We have mentioned some pictures of Raphael, of Giotto, and of Fra Angelico, where true and simple religious feelings are expressed with a rare elevation. Other names might be added to that list. But it must be confessed that these are only brilliant exceptions; and, to state our real opinion, in spite of the genius of the greatest masters, Catholic painting, far from serving the cause of piety, far from elevating the soul to things above, has done just the reverse. Art has only given to faith a gross and earthly aliment; it has debased the ideal and materialized heaven; it has compelled believing souls to live in those lower regions which are neither pure nor bright. Of Christianity, the religion of love, of holiness, of simplicity, and of peace, it has formed a catholicism intolerant and cruel, sensual and luxurious. But if artists have thus badly served the Church, has the Church on her part treated them any better? Not only has tradition, in consecrating certain types, in stereotyping incorrect costumes and conventional attitudes, enchained genius, fettered spontaneity, and destroyed independence; but one feels too often, even when face to face with a masterpiece, that what speaks to you from that animated canvass, is not the living emotion of a human soul, the throbbing heart of a man who loves and adores, but the thought of the Church, the tradition of the Church, that is to say, a collective thought, an imposed tradition, an abstraction, a

government, the official style in place of the emotions of the heart. Besides, with the exception of a very small number of chosen souls, the great Catholic painter is, in general, but a Pagan in his actual life. The most licentious manners do not hinder Raphael from giving all the conventional purity, all the necessary piety, to a picture of the Virgin, for which the Fornarina has sat to him as a model. That purity, that piety is a costume in which the Church clothes her Madonnas, and which she prescribes to her artists;—happy imposture, springing from a Pagan Art and the service of a formalist Christianity. But is it impossible to conceive an Art more free and true? Let us first examine the subjects which the Church ceases not to prescribe to painters and sculptors. A great number of these she has stamped with a deplorable vassallage by dint of everywhere reproducing them. The most tragic events, the most touching histories become veritable commonplaces, of which one is weary; we look at without seeing them; we turn from them the wearied attention which nothing awakens. That most mournful of all the scenes of the Gospel—the Crucifixion, has it not lost much of its moving horror by being constantly represented by the pencil and the chisel? What more fatiguing to find without end from church to church, these Annunciations, almost always so cold and conventional? The same subjects treated according to fixed rules, have inevitably made Art a matter of routine, and have rendered invention useless, almost impossible, and sometimes even hazardous for the artist."

M. Coquerel afterwards adverts to the monotony of many pictures of sacred subjects, such as the Madonna; to the absurdity of others, such as the representations of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception; to the indecent, cruel, and ridiculous nature of many of the pictures from the legends of the saints. And he gives examples of all these, showing how unworthy an employment the Church has too often assigned to the rare gifts and brilliant genius of the most celebrated painters. He subsequently refers to the ancient church of San Stefano Rotondo at Rome, the walls of which are covered with about forty paintings by Tempesta and Pomarancio, all representing scenes of martyrdom, in which the most refined and varied cruelties are depicted with a sickening minuteness of detail; and he then demands, and with reason: Is not this a debasement, a sully of the Arts, to employ them in such disgusting, such harrowing representations? And yet this is the Art prescribed and made use of by the Romish Church for her own purposes. To visit her sanctuaries, to study the marvels of Art with which they are enriched, is at the same time to graduate as an executioner, to become learned in every species of torture, and familiar with every description of punishment possible and impossible; and it must be remembered, that in all

these scenes of martyrdom the fury of the executioners, and the apparatus of torture, are necessarily more conspicuous and impressive, because more easily represented by painting, than the courage and constancy of the victims. What then, we may ask, must inevitably be the consequence of the daily contemplation of such abominable pictures upon the development of character, and the habits and modes of thinking of a people? Necessarily the production of a hardness of heart, an indifference to suffering, and a love of cruelty.

Our author also considers the question, how far the representation of the nude figure ought to be allowed in pictures hung up in churches intended for Christian worship; and he particularly refers to the Sistine Chapel, with its unrivalled frescoes, the figures of which, after being finished by Michel Angelo, were afterwards clothed by Volterra (who thence acquired the name of Bracchettone, or the Breeches-maker), and by Pozzi; and he thus concludes his argument:—

“I have brought forward these facts, to which I could easily add a number of others borrowed from various churches in Rome and Italy; but the example of this single chapel is sufficient; that series of corrections so necessary for worship, so ever-to-be-regretted by artists, that manifest impossibility, maugre the efforts of two Popes, to make the richest sanctuary of painting suitable for a place of worship, are proofs of the fact of the real incompatibility which will always exist between the exigences of even the Roman Catholic religion and those of Art. That with which we reproach the Romish Church is, the having tried to bring about an impossible alliance, and while so doing, inflicted serious injury upon the Fine Arts—even while constantly making indecent concessions to them. We do not wish to dwell upon this point, which we might prove by a crowd of decisive examples. One will be sufficient: the grand central portico of the Basilica of St. Peter's is of bronze; modern bas-reliefs, taken from the history of the apostle, are there set among the magnificent ancient arabesques, which comprise a number of mythological scenes: amidst these, at the height of the eye and hand, we observe the story of Ganymede and that of Leda. It is between these representations that the Pope makes his solemn entry into the sanctuary on St. Peter's Day, and at Easter. In truth, a Church so intolerant about her dogmas and authority, might be a little more particular with regard to morality and religion—might send that mythology into a museum, and purify her temples from Pagan fables.”

Let us now examine for a little whether the Romish Church treats the finished works of her greatest artists in the way which might be expected from a church which boasts of her enlightened and exclusive patronage of the Fine Arts, and we shall speedily find that nothing is more fatal to a picture than

to become an object of adoration. All those which are not protected against the homage of their votaries by being placed in a museum, are speedily damaged or destroyed by the exigences of worship. Look at the "Last Judgment" of Michel Angelo. When the Pope worships in the Sistine Chapel, tapers are lighted before it, incense ascends in clouds, and soon the lofty building is filled by a thick, warm vapour, which adds a new coating of smoke to those which have for three centuries been accumulating upon the fresco. Beneath such an ordeal, in a given time, this noble effort of genius must inevitably be destroyed, and thus the necessities of worship in a regular and systematic manner ruin the labours of the artist. Such is the way in which a church calling herself the mother of the Fine Arts, treats the masterpiece of one of her most illustrious sons. Twice she has intrusted it to the correction of inferior artists; at regular intervals she subjects it to destructive fumigations; and she has erected opposite to it an altar surmounted by a canopy of red velvet, whose glaring hues entirely destroy the effects of the fresco. Nor is this grand work of Michel Angelo an exception; many other masterpieces of Art are suffering from a similar course of treatment:—

"The Romish Church," says M. Coquerel, "would deny it in vain. She prescribes to artists representations of subjects often monotonous, sometimes impossible, ridiculous, or repulsive, and when the works which she has inspired are delivered up to her, she exposes them to the chances of certain destruction within a given period, sacrifices them to the incompatible requirements of Art and worship, and subordinates them to the caprices of a false taste, which charms the vulgar eye."

In his letter upon "Christian Antiquity at Rome," M. Coquerel makes the following excellent remarks, upon the mutual and deplorable effects of Paganism and Christianity when brought into contact, during the decline of the Roman Empire:—

"It is true that Roman civilization was decaying of old age; but upon that soil, covered with such mighty *débris*; encumbered with the foundations and the ruins of a monarchy, a republic, an empire (already frail at its birth), and, finally, of polytheism, the regenerating river, the torrent of living waters, could not spread itself out without becoming defiled, like the Tiber, with the filth of Rome, and without rolling along, on its mighty waves, the innumerable ruins of bygone days. Catholicism is nothing else than this: Paganism and Christianity interpenetrating one another. In the final struggle between the religions, that of the old world has fallen, like the mystic serpent; but not without having wounded its adversary, and

having instilled the poison into all his veins. It could not well be otherwise. A civilization, so glorious, so truly great; a mass of facts and ideas, so profoundly human, does not suffer itself to be swept away from the face of the earth in a single day; but re-acts for a long time against its very conquerors. Two circumstances contribute to this result. The *Roman* spirit has always been essentially traditional and conservative, by superstition, by policy, and by instinct. It was a characteristic trait of such a people to make a sort of fusion of the new and Christian spirit with the secular forms of polytheism. It was at Rome, if anywhere, that such a result might have been expected; and we need not be astonished to read on one side of the obelisk, in the *Piazza del Popolo*, that it was brought from Egypt by the *Pontifex Maximus*, Cæsar Augustus, and upon the opposite face, that it was raised to its present position by the *Pontifex Maximus*, Sextus V."

M. Coquerel proceeds to point out, at considerable length, how the influences of Paganism are to be traced, even in the frescoes of the catacombs; where Jesus Christ is often represented converting the world, under the symbol of Orpheus playing on the lyre, and ravishing wild beasts, rocks, and trees. Christianity, introduced into the heathen world by converted Jews, was at first but little favourable to the Fine Arts. The most ancient sepulchral stones bear no symbols, but often the most touching inscriptions; the Christian idea of life and peace after death is constantly reproduced; Christ is frequently designated merely by the two first letters of his name in Greek, and sometimes also by the Alpha and Omega, the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet. Still later, palms appear engraven upon the tombs, as emblems of the victory of the Christian, and especially of the martyr. The dove with the olive branch, also appears, as a token of safety. And the fish designates the Christian, according to the saying of our Saviour to Peter and Andrew, "I will make you fishers of men." The anchor, too, is another common symbol of the Christian hope. It is somewhat singular that during the first three centuries, when the Christians were continually exposed to persecutions, torture, and martyrdom, no emblems of pain or terror are to be seen on their tombs; only symbols of security, hope, and triumph, as the anchor, the lyre, and the crown; as if the faith of these early warriors of the church militant was so lively and fervent, so capable of realizing the unseen, of grasping the future, that the heavenly glories which awaited them were unceasingly present to their view, and entirely dwarfed or shut out the evils and sufferings of their earthly career.

In 691, a council of the church declared, that for the future, Christ ought to be represented under the similitude of a man

as the most suitable. The first human figure met with in the ancient Christian tombs is that of Jesus, under the emblem of the good shepherd. On these the Saviour always appears as a beardless young man, with a short Roman tunic, bearing upon his shoulders the lost sheep. At other times, he appears as a doctor, surrounded by his disciples, always in a Greco-Roman costume, and generally without a beard. When Christian Art begins to show itself, the taint of Paganism is immediately apparent; nothing is more common than to see rivers, mountains, towns, day, and night, represented by divinities. The god of the Jordan, for instance, leaning upon an urn, assists at the baptism of Christ; and, to descend to more modern days, Dante, Michel Angelo, Camoens—all the Middle Age—mixed up without scruple the *débris* of Pagan mythology with the mysteries of Christianity.

The favourite themes of traditional Roman Catholic orthodoxy have no place in the catacombs. These remote witnesses of the early Christian faith are very curious and instructive. The Gospel scenes which are there engraven, are Christ as the good shepherd, and Christ teaching; the changing of the water into wine; the miracle of the loaves and fishes; the cures of the lame and blind; the raising of Lazarus; and, sometimes, the adoration of the Magi, and the entry into Jerusalem; that is to say, an assemblage of subjects where Christ alone gives life, nourishment, and healing to the souls who believe in him. Scenes from the passion and death of our Lord, especially the crucifixion, are never found before the eighth century, and the reason is obvious: those whose tastes were formed by the spirit of ancient Art could not take pleasure in scenes of horror, and desired that even suffering itself should appear with a calm and noble aspect. For them the cross was enough; the effigy of the Crucified One would have been painful. And this distinction ought especially to be kept in view between the modern church and that of the earlier ages; that while the former has specially adored the body of Jesus nailed to the cross, the latter preferred to think of and contemplate him as a living Saviour. In the first centuries of Christianity, too, the mother of our Lord is never depicted except as a completely secondary personage; and there is good reason to believe that the Virgin and the infant Jesus were never represented alone before the sixth century. The *portrait* of our Saviour only occurs twice in the Roman catacombs, and cannot belong to the earliest ages of Christian art. God the father is never represented under a human figure in the catacombs; and many ages subsequently, the subject was treated with the greatest reserve, the presence of the Eternal being indicated merely by a hand

coming out from a veil of clouds. In short, the tombs, the paintings, the mosaics, and bas-reliefs of the early Christians, show us that the unhappy idea of representing God in a work of Art is a modern invention; that the traditional figure of our Lord was rarely depicted, or even indicated; that the pre-eminence since assigned to the Virgin was absolutely unknown; that the early Christians began by avoiding images; and, that when they were had recourse to, the first were symbols far more than actual representations. For all these outrages against good taste, for all these melancholy innovations upon the pure faith and simple worship of the early Christians, the Roman Catholic Church has to answer; and yet she pretends to be the exclusive patroness of Art, and the most munificent rewarder of genius.

The eighth letter of M. Coquerel is employed in considering "Protestantism at Rome."

"In general," he tells us, "the official position of the Holy See, with regard to Protestantism, is an affectation of ignorance. It is obliged to consent, in spite of itself, that the Prussian Embassy may have a Protestant chaplain; but it wishes to be considered ignorant of his existence; it does not wish to recognise him under a title that would recall his pastoral functions; and it is, therefore, necessary for him to be named attaché to the Embassy by the King of Prussia, in order that he may have on his passport a laical, and, at the same time, an official qualification. Is not all this puerile? It is because actual Protestantism is presumed to have no existence! It is supposed to have been vanquished in the past; and one may see, at Rome, three public monuments of its defeats: in the Vatican, in Santa Maggiore, and in the church of the Jesuits."

M. Coquerel considers that the brightest era of Roman Catholic Art was anterior to that of the highest artistic excellence. From Giotto to Perugino comprises the palmiest days of painting inspired by the Church of Rome, and the true chiefs of that school are Giotto and the Dominican monk Fra Angelico. But when the revival of letters illuminated the world—when that trio of mighty geniuses, Leonardo da Vinci, Michel Angelo, and Raphael—all three at the same time, engineers, architects, sculptors, and painters of the first class—the Roman Catholic school no longer existed. The arts, emancipated from their fetters, shone with unrivalled lustre, which they owed to the study of antiquity, and to that new impulse of the human spirit, which had for its most glorious and fruitful result, the Reformation. M. Coquerel denies that the Romish Church has ever created a great artist; she has made use of those she found, and if great Popes, like Nicholas V. and Leo X., have protected

the Fine Arts in all their splendour, Bernini, and a number of other indifferent artists have experienced no less support; while the Church has often permitted, and sometimes commanded, these men to accommodate to their own false, puerile, and detestable taste, the most pure and elevated remains of antiquity and of the greatest masters.

A beautiful and interesting letter is written by M. Coquerel from Pisa, that ancient capital, noble even in decay—that tomb of the Middle Ages—that funeral city where Catholic Art, with its stiff beauty and fervent expression, lies buried for ever. The walls of the vast galleries which surround the cemetery of the Campo Santo, are consecrated by the genius of Orcagna, from whom even Raphael and Michel Angelo deigned to borrow, and did not always improve upon what they had taken. Curious and interesting is the Cathedral of Pisa; and a miracle of Gothic architecture in miniature, her church of *Santa Maria della spina*; and her museum, one of the most perfect collections of pre-Raphaelite art; but all these pale before the treasures which the Campo Santo presents to the student of the history, the religion, and the Art of the Middle Ages. There, Orcagna was charged to represent the four ends of man, Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell; the first and second of which are undoubtedly by his hand. On these lofty walls we may yet behold, though sometimes half effaced by time, the whole Middle Age, with its strange manners, barbarous and poetical, shameless and devout; its knights and noble ladies in the costume of their time; its monks, its diablerie, and its miracles. Here is M. Coquerel's opinion of the Campo Santo:—

“The general impression which we receive from this extensive museum of the dead, is that of a vast and sad whole. We are overwhelmed by a feeling of unmeasured greatness, of unquiet multiplicity, of efforts without result, and of movement without effect. Human life, as conceived by the Middle Age, had nothing collective about it. The popular idea of our times, the idea of solidarity, of progress, of a general development in which all ought to take part, of a future amelioration which all ought to strive to hasten, was unknown to the artists of the Pisan cemetery. Every one for himself in this world, for good or for evil: the hermit in the desert, afterwards in heaven; the voluptuary in his pleasures, afterwards in hell; responsibility reduced to a sad and stern law, the law of penitence and maceration; man the sinner, destined to suffer, and only appeasing his offended God and avoiding eternal punishment, by making a hell of this world. There is no trace of either love or progress in this popular and terrible theology. God is pitiless; Jesus Christ, a judge not implacable, but offended; and the difference between the angels and demons is only that between the policeman who seizes the criminal, and the executioner who tortures him. If God is compassion, if Christi-

anity is love, if moral sanctification is the end, and pardon through Christ the means, that is a religion entirely different from what we behold in Campo Santo, which rather resembles Judaism, except that it adds to it the complications and the terrors of a pitiless dogmatism."

In another part of his Pisan letter, M. Coquerel remarks:—

"Nothing, in our opinion, more strongly proves the religious superiority of the painters anterior to the great epoch of art, than the contrast between the last judgment of Orcagna and that of Michel Angelo. The former is much more Catholic, more Christian, more pious; he also rises higher, if painting is only a language intended to speak to the soul. The latter, on the other hand, is much less touching, much more pagan; but, as a painter, he is not the less superior. New proof with what degree of truth the Church of Rome boasts of what she has done for artists. Those whom she has most powerfully inspired are not the greatest. The Renaissance, antiquity, the study of nature, have produced the greatest masters, while the inspiration of Catholicism has failed to do so. Orcagna is a mystical artist, depicting what he believes; Michel Angelo, a genius exempt from all mysticism, who, in the treatment of a given subject, displays a marvellous skill, an incredible power, and that anatomical science which he had acquired in dissecting, thanks to the prior of the convent of San Spirito."

M. Coquerel was delighted with the freshness, purity, and fervour of the works of Fra Angelico; and also with those of Giotto, whom he terms the most biblical of all Italian painters; and, while commenting on the fervent and unaffected piety of the monk of Fiesole, he alludes to a mawkish modern imitation in a note which we are tempted to translate:—

"Only, it is precisely when one has witnessed the rare elevation of the piety of the fourteenth century, that one feels most the puerility of Puseyism, which believes it possible to resuscitate, to galvanize, or, in truth, to copy such things. That which is beautiful and striking in Angelico, is the spontaneity, the perfect sincerity, of his feelings and beliefs; that which constitutes his merit is, that he belongs to his age and his country. Of what country and of what age is that contemptible counterfeit, that mediæval imitation which they have attempted at Oxford?"

In his "glance over Italian architecture," M. Coquerel points out, that although there is an architecture which may be considered peculiarly Catholic, its masterpieces are not to be found in Italy, but in Germany, Belgium, France, and England. The cathedral of Milan is not pure Gothic. Santa-Maria della Spina at Pisa, though beautiful, is extremely small; at Rome, one church only, that of Santa-Maria sopra Minerva, represents the true

style of Catholic architecture; and almost all traces of Gothic Art have been carefully effaced from the churches of Naples.

"What then (he says) is the ecclesiastical architecture of Italy? An innumerable series of combinations, in general unfortunate, where the round arch of Rome and the Greek triangle alternate, intermingle, intersect one another, almost always without character and without taste; occasionally some of the elements of Gothic art are mixed up as if by chance. Nothing in the world can be colder in a religious point of view, and we never feel at Rome the profound religious impression that steals over us, for example, under the long nave of the church of St. Ouen at Rouen. Nothing, as art, is falselier, more distorted, more pitiful, than these perpetual façades which one encounters at Rome in all the streets, and often the interior is no better than the exterior. It is a *mélange* of vertical, horizontal, oblique, straight and curved lines."

Our author afterwards proceeds to criticize the façade of St. Peter's; its interior, whose vastness unhappily does not at first strike the eye; and the fatal change of M. Angelo's plan of a Greek cross into a Latin one, by Carlo Maderno, at the command of a pope, which has destroyed the effect of its distinctive and principal feature, the stupendous dome. Some other celebrated Italian churches are subsequently examined, and the inability of the Italians to construct the spire is noticed; there was too much paganism in the fine arts of Rome to permit her to invent that simple Christian symbol arising from earth to Heaven, like prayer breathed from the soul to God. The conclusion arrived at is, that Rome, with all her vast resources, with the treasures of a world at her command, has failed to create in Italy an ecclesiastical architecture worthy of the name. It is to civil, and not to ecclesiastical buildings that we must turn, if we desire to study the architecture of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance in all the riches of its development, in all the variety of its powers, in all the affluence of its life and expansion. In church architecture, as in painting and sculpture, Art subjected to sacerdotal tradition constantly failed; while, in civil architecture, the same art left to itself has achieved signal successes, and has even turned the difficulties it encountered into occasions for new beauties and fresh triumphs. The finest buildings in the great cities of Italy are proofs of this. At Verona the *Porta de' Borsari*, the *Piazza dei Signori*, the tombs of the *Della Scala*; at Padua the *Palazzo della raggione*, which contains the largest hall in Italy, adorned with astrological emblems; at Bologna the ancient University; at Sienna, the *Palio*, and the Palace of the Communes; at Vicenza, the two columns marking the dominion of Venice; at Florence the *Loggia de' Lanzi*; at Genoa, the Exchange and the Bank of St. George; at Venice, the Palace of the

Doges, with its superb *Porta della Carta*, and its Giants' Staircase, connected by the Bridge of Sighs with that other palace, whose smiling façade was the dwelling of the principal jailor, while behind, along the Orfano Canal, stretched the prisons from which many a captive never returned.

In the conclusion of his work M. Coquerel repeats and enforces what he has been previously endeavouring to prove, and also glances at the future of the Fine Arts. He states that he has nowhere asserted that, in the infancy of Art, Catholicism, or rather the Christian elements which it contained, has not sometimes communicated a happy inspiration to artists; while, at the same time, he has affirmed that it has also kept them in bondage and materially impeded their progress. Priestcraft, and the authority of tradition, sadly oppressed the Fine Arts until they were delivered from that bondage at the epoch of the Renaissance. Indeed, in spite of the important, far too important part, which Catholicism has assigned to the fine arts in her worship, it is not too much to say that the Romish Church has not been able to keep them at their true height for a single instant. She has hastened their downfall by a triple and fatal influence; by always more and more materializing religion, which is the fatal defect of Catholicism; by seeking the colossal and the unmeasured, instead of the beautiful, which is the malady of Roman taste; by sacrificing Art to luxury and show, which is the tactic of Jesuitism.*

M. Coquerel afterwards inquires, how it happens that the masters of the French school of painting have not equalled the great artists of Italy, Belgium, and Holland, in originality, power, or fertility. And he replies, because the double absolutism of Catholicism and of royalty destroyed in France the liberty of art. The truly national, bold, independent, fertile school of French art—a school in the highest degree original and initiative—died Huguenot and proscribed. It perished in the dungeons of the Bastille, with Bernard Palissy; in the carnage of St. Bartholomew, with Jean Goujon, and Goudimel;† and we cannot too deeply regret the untimely

* M. Coquerel adopts as his own the following remarks of a celebrated critic: "Whilst painting and sculpture are subjected to sacerdotal influences, they remain in infancy, and consequently incomplete. Art only merits the name when philosophical ideas combine themselves with religious habitudes. In Italy, Dante and Petrarch opened the path along which Raphael and Michel Angelo proceeded. But, between these last geniuses, there appeared a man essentially a philosopher, who mastered and developed with the utmost power and sagacity all the resources of art. That man was Leonardo da Vinci."—M. Delécluze, *Journal des Débats*, 25th Nov., 1856.

† Goudimel is the principal author of the melodies of the French Pro-

destruction of that promising and brilliant school. To these Protestant artists may be added the names of Jean Cousin, painter and sculptor, the true founder of the national school; Androuet Ducerceau, the architect who joined the Louvre to the Tuileries; Salomon de Brosse, the builder of the Luxembourg; the painters and engravers, Sébastien Bourdon, Abraham Bosse, Petitot; and, among the labourers in the industrial arts, Gobelin and Boule. A crowd of other distinguished artists might be referred to, but, says M. Coquerel:—

“Are not these great names sufficient to prove the radical falsity of that prejudice, often accepted without reply by Protestants themselves, that Protestantism is essentially hostile to the fine arts? If that were the fact, it would condemn our church and our faith; because the sentiment of art is a sublime gift of the Creator, one of the *talents* which he has given us to be made use of; all religion which would deny the beautiful, or forbid the love and the study of it, would mutilate and debase, instead of entirely regenerating man. It is very true that the Puritans proscribed, with ignorant and illiberal rigour, most of the forms of the beautiful. They were in the wrong, but let us be just towards them, and remember that imagination, banished by them from all the realms of art, except a single one, strictly confined within the field of poetry, sought out the beautiful under that, the most immaterial of all its forms, and found, what will always be awaiting to the genius of France, an epic poem. Milton is our Homer, and Italian Catholicism, in spite of Tasso and Ariosto, has nothing comparable to what Algarotti terms the *Gigantesca sublimita Miltoniana*. All the grandeur of Michel Angelo, with more love, more faith, more purity, is to be found in Milton; and his faults, with which he has been so much reproached, cannot be weighed against the sublime elevation, and the incomparable power of his genius. The double poetry of Protestantism, that of the Bible and that of personal faith, is there in its energy and splendour, its deep religion, its richness of colour and of imagery. Like Milton in England, and Luther in Germany, the illustrious French Protestants above-named prove the fact that the glories of the imagination are not forbidden to us. There is but one thing more to say. We believe it clear that the time when religious art was merely a matter of formality, is past, never to return. Painters, sculptors, architects, would you wish to create? which is, after all, the ultimate object of art. Would you attain to a sublime originality? Would you be fertile and powerful? Know assuredly that we only express with greatness, that which we think or feel with freedom. Learn that there is no moral resort of equal power with that to be found in one's own mind, no vivacity or freshness of imagination comparable to those of a soul at once independent and believing. The individual

testant Psalter. At Rome, he was the master of Palestrina, and, through that illustrious composer, has exercised a mighty influence upon modern music.

spirituality, the free faith, the frank, spontaneous piety of the Protestant, can alone open to you that glorious career. There only burns the sacred fire; there only breathes the spirit of life; there only is the assured conquest of the future."

We have thus endeavoured, at considerable length, to give some idea of M. Coquerel's learned and interesting volume. He has shown himself an eloquent writer, as well as a bold and original thinker; occasionally, perhaps, he may push his conclusions a little too far, and venture upon assertions somewhat too sweeping; but, in the main, we believe him to be thoroughly in the right, and we hail his work with pleasure, both as a vigorous defence of Protestantism against an undeserved reproach, and as a most valuable contribution to the literature of the Fine Arts.

ART. II.—THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF CHRYSOSTOM.

1. *Chrysostomi, S. Joannis, Opera omnia quæ extant, vel quæ ejus nomine circumferuntur, ad MSS. codices Gallicanos, Vaticanos, Anglicanos, Germanicanosque; necnon ad Savilianam et Frontonianam editiones castigata, innumeris aucta; nova interpretatione, ubi opus erat, præfationibus, monitis, notis, variis lectionibus illustrata; nova sancti doctoris vita, appendicibus onomastico, et copiosissimis indicibus locupletata. Gr. et Lat. Studio D. Bernardi de Montfaucon, Monachi Ordinis S. Benedicti. Editio Parisina altera aucta. Svo. Tom. XIII. Parisiis: 1837.*
2. *Histoire de Saint Jean Chrysostome, Archevêque de Constantinople, Docteur de l'Eglise: sa vie, ses œuvres, son siècle, influence de son génie. Par M. l'Abbé J. B. Bergier, Missionnaire de Beaupré. Paris: 1856.*

The troubles which attended the infancy and early growth of Christianity gave place to troubles of another, and scarcely less pernicious, order in the fourth century. By means of the pressure of persecution from without, and the consequent greater cohesion within, the church grew up through three centuries of trial heavenward, like a city built upon a narrow base, to which story after story is added, as is Coleridge's fine figure. But when it had conquered its freedom, and was at liberty to expand at will, it shot out with a weakening effect on every side, like a primitive town encroaching upon unoccupied territory, the principle of disintegration operating upon its fortunes and principles without any countervailing

check. While, therefore, there is in the history of this period no little to thank Heaven for in the disarmament of the forces of paganism, in the recognition of the social status of the Christians, and in the very general diffusion and acceptance of the religion of Jesus throughout the Roman Empire, there are nevertheless some serious drawbacks to be taken into account. This was the age of heresies. The mind, flung at liberty from the conservative influence of persecution on the one hand, and on the other, left free to canvass the modifications of paganism of all sorts and shades, no few of which had by this time contrived to infuse a portion of their vices into the Christian system, recklessly pursued, in too many cases, a career of heretical pravity and superstition. To this age belonged Arius and Apollinaris, and Marcellus of Ancyra, and Photinus, and Macedonius, and Priscillian, and Audeus, and heretics of inferior name besides, while the Donatists, the Manicheans, the Gnostics, Euchites and the Collyridians form only specimens of the mosaic into which the unity of Christian doctrine was distributed. Nor were these multifarious opinions maintained with the unclouded front of philosophy, or put forth with the quiet assertion of speculation. The many-headed Cerberus of ecclesiastical disputation barked with all his mouths, and wounded and killed wherever he could fasten his teeth. The persecution unto death of ecclesiastical opponents was as rife within the Church, as the violence and oppression of heathen rulers had once been from without. Mercy, which could weep over a broken bone or an untimely grave, was bereft of its bowels when only a heretic was concerned—could sentence a recusant in the early morning to the mines or the scaffold, and coolly eat its breakfast afterwards, with the consciousness of having done a meritorious action. But this course of procedure has not been confined to those days; for the weapons of the persecutor are marked by a strange uniformity of temper, and keep that temper long. To crush the body with a view to cure the soul is not merely the device of the self-macerating ascetic; others are prepared to do it for him, should he be unconcerned about the state of his soul's health. Now, to persecution from heretics we owe one half of John Chrysostom's history; his sufferings being, at the same time, professedly due to the heresies ascribed to himself. But ere we enter on the details of that history, let us glance at the scenes amid which he was born, where his character was formed, and that perilous celebrity was obtained which advanced him to the highest ecclesiastical dignity in New Rome.

Antioch was built on the Orontes, but rather on the south side of that river than on the north, which only boasted an

insignificant suburb. On the breast of hills sloping down to the stream, and in the intermediate plain, lay widely spread the beautiful city, which boasted in the fourth century of being only third to Rome and Constantinople. Three leagues in circuit, with a population of a quarter of a million, it must have been somewhat larger than modern Dublin, while in the picturesqueness of its site, the rifted ravines that scarred the surface of its hills, and the dark mountain torrents that divided its streets, it must have far surpassed in its local attractions the elegant capital of the sister island. Thus the city which Seleucus built, and the Syrian kings made the stronghold of their power and the metropolis of their splendour, was even more signalized by the endowments of nature than adorned by the contrivances of art. Yet these latter were not wanting. Macedonians, Syrians, and Romans, for hundreds of years, lavished their resources upon its embellishment with no inadequate success; and temple and shrine, academy and portico, theatre and circus, palace and basilica, rose in all quarters, the growth of luxury, the ministers of pride, to attest the wealth and skill of the contrivers. Of the excellence of their architecture, proof remains to this day in the massive portions of the huge encircling walls and towers of cut stone, which have defied the efforts of time and incessant warfare for two thousand years to demolish, to which we must add the shocks of repeated earthquakes, which, while they have shattered all less substantial works to ruin, have been forced to spare these enormous ramparts. Power had its home here, for it was the capital of a monarchy; commerce its mart, for it was the highway along which passed the merchandise of the East and West; science its schools, for philosophers follow rank and cultivation; and luxury its hot-bed, where the corruptions of Europe and Asia met, and from their conjunction sprung a prodigal outgrowth of vice and debauchery, such as neither of them singly had been able to produce. The virtues as well as the vices of civilization were there, but the vices predominated from the character of the soil whence they issued.

The glory of the city within the walls was outshone by the Switzerland of varied beauty without. Let us take our stand on that western hill, which kingly jealousy has fortified with especial care as the citadel of the place, and the *dernier ressort* of its defenders. With that gallant centurion's leave, who commands the gates to-day, we shall mount the topmost tower, and take in at a glance the panorama of splendour around. Not far distant to the south rises Mount Casius in solitary grandeur, a perfect cone; more south and east, the northern term of the range; due east, along the upward course of the Orontes, the

lake backed by mountains in the far distance and in front, while directly under the walls, stretches that extensive plain up and down the river which, though less picturesque than the bolder scenery around, like the Vega of Granada, has a beauty of its own in its rich gardens, vineyards and oliveyards, flowers and fruit.

Fringed with an arborcal vegetation of the most varied and luxuriant sort, the Orontes takes its way westward to the sea, in as lordly state as the Jordan with its palmy swellings to its bed in the Asphaltic gulf. During this brief transit, its majestic bluffs of 300 feet high may compare to no disadvantage with "the castled crag of Drachenfels," or the Bastei of Saxon Schweitz. Often and often, when Antioch was the metropolis of an empire, and not as now the echo of a name, must those bluffs have rung with the music of the royal galley, as one after another Antiochus sought relief from the *ennui* of pleasure on shore, by courting it on the stream,—to pall anywhere, for of all earth's vanities, pleasure is the most evanescent. Now, however, tracing the course of the river by occasional gleams of its waters, but chiefly by its bordering myrtles, the eye of the observer at last rests upon that object which alone compensates for lack of beauty in a landscape, which is in itself, in all moods, scenery to the most fastidious eye,—the glorious sea, and that sea of all seas the ancientest and best known—the blue Mediterranean, about as distant from Antioch as Ostia from Rome.

But is there no intermediate object to detain the eye? Whither tends that merry-making mob, with so much of the gaiety of holiday, and somewhat of the pomp of procession? What mean those banners and canopies, those cymbals and trumpets, festal robes, and incense, and song? These are bound for Daphne, that grove in the distance, where the rose and laurel vie for pre-eminence,—the rose by its flowers and fragrance compensating for the brevity of its life, the laurel by the perpetuity of its verdure making amends for its lack of flowers. And other embowering trees and shrubs are there, fair to look upon and sweet to smell, while most luxuriant to shelter the fainting frame from the heat of day, and to hide questionable license from the prying eye of curiosity. A coarse and licentious worship holds its revel there to-day; but every day in the glades and recesses of that greenwood is in this respect nearly alike. The votaries of Venus and Adonis have their home amid those voluptuous shades, tempt all comers with soft delights, and blend the monstrous materialism of the Orient, and the scarcely more refined imaginations of Greece, into an unending liturgy of sensuality and sin. The scene we describe might have been witnessed any day down to the date of Chrysostom, for our

chronicler is Cyril of Alexandria, who could not have written sooner than A.D. 412. Of the extent and magnificence of the city in the Middle Ages, when the alternate conquest of Saracen and Crusader, a fair idea may be formed from the information supplied by the *Gesta Francorum*, that it contained 360 convents for men and women, besides a due proportion of churches, while its patriarch had 150 bishops within his jurisdiction. A grand, picturesque, and potential city was Antioch, both pagan and Christian, until the last thousand years. As the Crescent grew, Antioch waned—the history without an exception of the entire East, once so populous and flourishing,—a damning judgment of the social incapacity of Mohammedanism. Its streets are now silent which were full of people, its temples demolished, its marts forsaken, its inhabitants poor and few, cooped up in a corner of what was once the queen-city of Syria, and of all that was little remains but the beauty of nature to testify what once it had been.

There, in the most thriving days of its prosperity, and in the most degenerate of its moral character, did Chrysostom labour year after year, “a workman” that needed not “to be ashamed,”—we speak of the conscientiousness of his labours, not of the clearness of his views,—according to his light dividing “the word of truth.”

JOHN, surnamed CHRYSOSTOM, was the son of a gentleman, his father having been an officer of rank in the Roman army in Syria. Secundus, when commandant of the cavalry in that region, had married a young and accomplished wife, Anthusa, in Antioch, her parentage like his own, being Greek or Roman. What is more important is to be able to state that the parents were Christian soldiers in the army of the Cross, enlisted in the sacramental host of heaven. Although the dates assigned to the birth of Chrysostom range between A.D. 344 and 354, we are disposed, with the most trustworthy writers, to adopt the year 354, as nearest the truth. While yet an infant in arms, his gallant father died, leaving his widowed mother burdened with the care of him and of his sister, little older than himself. Means of support were fortunately not wanting, for without trenching upon the property of his father to which Chrysostom was heir, his mother supported in fitting style her orphan children on her patrimonial estate; nevertheless, all the cares of widowed maternity were hers.

The orphans were fortunate in their mother, singularly so, yet who has heard of Anthusa, the guardian of her son's morals, the steward of his estate, the “widow indeed” of the gallant Secundus, the Christian parent of Chrysostom? The world has rung with the praises of Monica, the mother of

Augustine, yet amongst the mothers of the great and good must we not omit the virtuous and prudent trainer of one of the greatest orators in the world. The reason is to be found in some two or three considerations. The fame of Chrysostom himself is over-shadowed—at least has been so up to a recent date—by the denser, loftier laurels of Augustine. Chrysostom was a great preacher, but Augustine an eminent theologian; the one a brilliant speaker, the other a weighty writer; Chrysostom would, therefore, be admired as an expositor, while Augustine would be appealed to as an authority. The church of the West, moreover, has been exclusively dominant over Europe for fifteen hundred years, and Africa had the closest connexion with the Western church, bound up with its fortunes, professing its creed, acknowledging its influence, and more or less owning its control. The prominent post, therefore, assigned to his mother in the story of his conversion by the great African divine, would naturally spread her name through those regions where his writings were popular, and render her, in the common imagination, the type of all that is hallowed, superior, and successful in the training of perverse youth. The very faults of the man, the confession of which has made him an object of such enchaining interest among all persons who have heard his name, have likewise contributed to the celebrity of that saintly woman, who, aided by the grace of God, successfully combated those faults, and made him what he afterwards became. The Eastern Patriarch, who wrote in Greek, was never so well-known in the Latin churches—nor consequently his mother; and, known by misfortune, he never could become so interesting as a man known by his faults. A pauper is common-place in comparison with a criminal; in popular appreciation the usurper is ever the hero, not the degraded monarch. The comparative blamelessness of Chrysostom's life at all periods militated against his obtaining so wide-spread a reputation as Augustine, whose splendid sins were in harmony with his otherwise splendid career. Be these modes of accounting for the fact true or false, the fact itself is undeniable that Chrysostom's mother's name strikes with an alien sound on most ears, while Monica is as familiar as Lois and Eunice in almost every Christian household. Yet was Anthusa a matron possessed of every Christian virtue, a vessel of election, and filled with the grace of God. Without that gaudy splendour which bespeaks vanity but ministers in no degree to comfort, she supplied her son with an equipage befitting his birth and station, gave him the best education the city could supply, and allowed nothing to be wanting which could develope his talents, and fulfil her trust. So well, on the

other hand, did the son profit by the instructions of the rhetorician Libanius, a pagan philosopher of great repute, that when the question of a successor to occupy his chair was mooted, Libanius is reported to have said of his pupil, "Chrysostom would have been the man if the Christians had not got hold of him." It was by a refinement in cruelty on the part of the apostate Julian, that the Christians had been debarred at this time from supplying the higher order of instruction in Christian schools. The policy of that emperor was a crafty and base one, and succeeded no doubt, in some instances, in corrupting and apostatizing the educated youth of the Christian families. Chrysostom himself was not beyond the reach of unfriendly influence, and might have fallen into utter worldliness, open vice, or confessed paganism, but for a salutary association with some pious Christian youth, Theodore afterwards Bishop of Mopsuestia, Maximian of Seleucia, and above all Basil of Raphanea, whose friendship helped to fan the flame of his Christian convictions. On his being called to the bar, however, when about twenty years of age, and mixing somewhat more directly with the world and its distractions, his heathen education interposed but an imperfect check between his temptations and his weakness. The business of his calling and the pleasures of the theatre led him into a temporary forgetfulness of the counsels of his friends and the pious training of his mother. But in a very short time he recovered himself. Basil regained his influence, and with the natural impulse to get as far from his fallen self as possible, Chrysostom assumed the garb and profession of an anchorite. This led, after four years of seclusion, study, and discipline, to his solemn reception of the rite of Christian baptism at the hands of Meletius, Bishop of Antioch, and his induction into the Order of Lectors. Conscientious in a high degree, and devoted to that sacred calling on which, in its lowest grades, he had entered, we find him now contriving to slip the sacerdotal noose over the neck of his friend Basil, by a device which we scarcely know how to characterize. Scattered as the officiating clergy of Antioch were from their flocks by the persecution of Valens, the neighbouring bishops determined to replace them by the ordination of Basil and Chrysostom in their stead. But Chrysostom entertained scruples which sprang from an overwhelming sense of his unworthiness, yet allowed all the while his bosom friend to suppose that they should both receive the rite of ordination together. Nothing could be further from his intention; he himself records the transaction in his "*De Sacerdotio*," without the slightest apology for his disingenuousness, or even the seeming suspicion that the proceeding was on

any account censurable. Nay, the Greek father goes further than this—he involves the officiating bishops in the same charge of dissimulation, for he expressly says that Basil was inveigled into their midst under some other pretext than that of consecration; that when he discovered the *ruse* he exclaimed against the violence that was attempted to be done him; and that his opposition was finally overcome by some one crying out, that if he waited for Chrysostom, his friend, to encourage him to submission, that friend of his had already bowed his head beneath the hand of the consecrating bishop, and was a priest of God. When good men did such things as these, and counted them religion, we may well hesitate to receive a fourth-century Christianity as the most correct interpretation of the sacred records and most vital apprehension of the mind of Christ. Those who would see the transaction described will find it in the “Treatise on the Priesthood” (book i. chap. 3).

Chrysostom was now twenty-seven years of age: his mother, the admirable Anthusa, was dead, and with her died his chief attraction to Antioch, and the only hindrance which lay in the way of his adopting the seclusion of the monastic life. His own personal views of religion decidedly leant towards retirement, and these received confirmation from the troubles of the times. The Arian heresy was in the ascendant throughout the Roman Empire, and wrought wrong upon the orthodox in Antioch with especial virulence. Short as his life had been up to this period, Chrysostom had, nevertheless, seen strange changes in the religious polity of the successive emperors, and almost every change was evil. Had these civil rulers but confined themselves to their own province—the civil government of the state; extending their protecting arm alike over Jew, pagan, and Christian; and where professing Christianity themselves, lending it rather the weight of their moral influence than the patronage of their position—at the least refraining from the persecution of all those who did not profess its creed—it had been well. But, mistaking their function, Constans, a declared Arian, emperor at the time of Chrysostom's birth, pursued the orthodox with his displeasure; Julian, apostate from Christianity, favoured the pagans; Jovian, indeed, gave the churches a brief interval of rest; but Valentinian and Valens were now ravaging their borders with utmost fury, and breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the saints. It is not to be wondered at that under such circumstances Chrysostom should virtually cry, “Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away, and be at rest.” He acted in strict accordance with such an aspiration, and withdrew to the solitude of the mountains, consulting his own safety, and the salvation of his soul. Partly

from stress of circumstances, and partly from superstition, there was early in the history of the Church a very remarkable development on the side of monasticism, *but not in the earliest age*, that of our Lord himself, and of his apostles. The system of religious seclusion was not that of the immediate followers of Christ, for they were the apostles of the city and the synagogue, of the sea-shore and the highway-side, of the market-place and of Mars' Hill. They were the salt of the earth, to be diffused; the light of the world, to be disclosed; and they understood their mission. But unhealthy hypochondriasm, nursed by the climate and fed by superstition, for it was nothing new either to Judaism or the Oriental paganism, soon shrank from "the clash, the hum, the shock of men," and consigned itself to a living tomb in the desert. Men resigned their higher function—that of being ambassadors of heaven—to others, for the more narrow and selfish office of working out their own salvation. They thus became apostles of the crag, the cavern, the torrent, and the forest, peopling the wild with inhabitants, and vocalizing the silence with prayer, but left human nature uncared for, or only benefited by distant intercessions.

Yet were many of these "the excellent of the earth," mistaken but sincere, of willing spirit but infirm of flesh. The case of Chrysostom is one in point. He then, as ever, had but one chief inquiry to make, "Lord! what wilt thou have me to do?" and his life and spirit, whatever the tortuosities of either, had but the single aim—to answer it aright. He certainly thought himself acting in obedience to that will, when escaping from Antioch, then under the heel of the persecuting despot, Valens, he threw himself into one of the three hundred monasteries which at that period had their existence in the mountains of Antioch and Syria. His object was seclusion and safety, not idleness and repose. To the most austere practices—among which we may name the absurd one of preventing sleep by pulling himself up out of bed by means of a rope suspended over his head, every time he found himself dropping into slumber—he added the diligent study of the Holy Books under such able teachers as Diodorus, Bishop of Tarsus, and Carterus, whom Gregory of Nazianzum eulogizes as *a master of divine science*.

At the instance of his fellow-cenobites, who looked upon him with admiration as a man apart, he wrote one of his treatises, after a two years' residence among them, namely, that upon "Compunction," taking for his text our Saviour's words, "Woe unto you that laugh now; for ye shall mourn and weep!" His work, in two parts, was highly valued and commended; but he soon had occasion to use his pen in a case of greater

emergency, and of more painful complexion. A young monk and early friend of his, grew weary of his life of solitude, violated his monastic vows, and, after indulging in open debauchery, married a person of no repute, called Hermione. To this Theodorus, Chrysostom addressed a series of letters, of which only two have survived to our day, and these breathe the very fire of religious fervour, and the soul of pathos and affection. In no productions of the great orator's pen do his moral qualities appear to greater advantage. Though the effect of these touching effusions did not appear at first, they told upon the mind and heart of Theodorus, and led him ere long to re-embrace the service of God in the priesthood. At the close of some years, he became Bishop of Mopsuestia—led an edifying life, and died a Christian death, but was unfavourably known as holding the heresy of two persons in Christ. He died in A.D. 428, and his writings were condemned in the fifth general council held in Constantinople, A.D. 553.

The next service of the same kind to which Chrysostom was called was the defence of the monastic institution itself. However highly the monks may have thought of it, their lofty self-appreciation was not shared by three very numerous classes: one, the haughty and adverse officials of the government; the second, the Arian party, in all its ramifications and connexions; the third, a large body of the orthodox themselves, who could not recognise the utility of an unmanly seclusion from the cares and conflicts of life on the part of their brethren. To all these Chrysostom addressed his treatise in three parts, as "The Opponents of Monastic Life." Part I. is directed against opposition to the monastic life in general. Part II. condemns the pagan parent who refuses to sanction his child who wished to make a profession. Part III. bespeaks the favour of Christian parents to the institution. This general characterization is all we feel incumbent upon us to furnish of his essay, beyond the quotation from St. Matthew in favour of voluntary poverty, as the quotation is made by the Abbé Bergier in his life of Chrysostom. The citation is represented as the words of our Saviour, "Happy the *voluntary poor*, for the kingdom of heaven is theirs." After an attempt at leading the life of a solitary in a dreary cavern, which issued in the injury of his health, Chrysostom found himself obliged to return to public life in Antioch.

The persecutor, Valens, perished in an engagement with the Huns and Vandals, and Gratian, his nephew, who had succeeded him, gave peace to the long-suffering Church. The orthodox party were restored to their sees, and Theodosius, who was friendly to them, associated in the empire with

Gratian. Chrysostom, at his return to Antioch, found the exiled Meletius in possession of his diocese, and was admitted to the order of the diaconate by that venerable bishop in A.D. 381. Along with the instruction of the catechumens, to which he now devoted himself with a burning zeal, he completed at this period his work on the "Priesthood," his "History of St. Babylas," and his work against the "Clergy residing in the same house with women." This also is the period of the composition of his treatise on "Providence," in three books, addressed to the afflicted Stagyras. At the close of five years, namely, in 386, Chrysostom was ordained a priest by Flavian, the successor of Meletius. Next day, from the tribune of the church, he preached his first sermon, in which strangely enough he says, that from humility he will not speak in it of the perfections of God, but turns it into a eulogium of Flavian, his servant. This was but the beginning of a course of diligent preaching, which he pursued for twelve years, delivering a sermon every day in Lent, and preaching two or three times a week at other periods of the year. As in the population of Antioch were pagans, Jews, Arians, and undevout believers, he addressed himself in turns to these several classes. With a view to the conversion of the pagans, he passed in review the absurd fables and innumerable follies of the heathen mythology; unveiled its ridiculous tenets, its profound immorality, its brutalizing principles, together with the cruelties and infamies of its social life, consecrated by the example of its heroes and gods; to all this he opposed the beauty and simplicity of the religion of Jesus, the sublimity of its doctrines, the pureness of its morality, the miracles which attested its divinity, the charity of its saints, the courage of its martyrs, the accomplishment of its prophecies, and the other evidences of its heavenly origin.

Of the Jews, there were many in this city which bordered so closely on Palestine, and which was so devoted to that life of merchandise in which the Jews have ever excelled. Judaizing Christians, too, laboured there, true to their character in Apostolic times (Acts xv.); who continued to frequent the synagogues, observe the new moons and the feast of trumpets, and with special solemnity the three grand festivals of Passover, Pentecost, and Tabernacles. Against this union of Jewish and Christian observances, Chrysostom launched his most unmeasured denunciations, calling the synagogues temples of Satan, and threatening with the loss of their souls all those who frequented them. Homily upon homily the preacher devoted to this theme.

In the fourth century the heresies of Sabellius, Eunomius, Arius, the Tritheists, and the Anomeans, were rife on every hand; and against these, in one form or other, Chrysostom directs

twelve of his homilies. He requires humility in the discussion of the Divine nature, and shows how incomprehensible it was even to the mind of angels. Marcionites, Valentinians, Gnostics, Manicheans, Macedonians, and all the current heretics of the day come impartially under the preacher's lash, and are discussed in the extant homilies of Chrysostom with his usual power.

Amongst Christians, to allay their schisms and correct their vices was his daily task, with how little encouragement let this passage show :—

“The evils which now-a-days prevail in the Church are not less, nay, are much greater than those which assailed it in preceding ages. I dwell not here upon superstitious practices, auguries, divinations, horoscopes, signs, ligatures, enchantments, sortileges, magical operations, nor a hundred similar practices to which Christians addict themselves; but I look among the sheep of the flock for true Christians, and I find none. Where are those who do not injure their brother, who envy not, who yield not up themselves to hatred and vengeance, who abandon not themselves to impurity or avarice. What gross wickedness in youth! What utter carelessness in old age! No one cares for the religious training of the young. The pagans watch our proceedings attentively; the holiness of our life ought to convert them and lead them to God; but alas! it is not so.”

In A. D. 387, occurred the circumstance of the insurrection in Antioch which occasioned the overthrow of the statues of the Emperor Theodosius, and led to the delivery of those homilies which were addressed thereon to the people of Antioch. In a moment of frenzy, the inhabitants with their magistracy had revolted against a new and heavy imposition of taxes which the exigencies of the war against Maximus demanded, and had shown their disgust at the demand, and resentment against the sovereign, by the outrages just named. But the fury of the populace spent itself soon after this outburst of impotent anger, and fears of imperial retribution took place of resentment in their bosoms. Flavian, the venerable bishop, was deputed to visit Constantinople and appease the displeasure of Theodosius, who threatened to plough up the city from its foundations to glut his imperial ire. During this period of universal consternation, the inhabitants crowded the basilica to listen to the solemn and impassioned reproofs and tender consolations of their favourite orator. In twenty homilies delivered before them on this occasion, this great master of eloquence seems almost to have exceeded himself in the mingled pathos and power of his address.

Meanwhile, the political horizon was charged with indignation. Antioch was degraded from the rank of metropolis, which was

transferred to its rival, Laodicea. The baths were closed, the theatres were interdicted, and every municipal privilege was withdrawn in anticipation of still direr woes awaiting the inhabitants. But Flavian's intercession averted the impending storm; Theodosius was open to Christian impressions; and with every assurance of his favour, the bishops were hurried back to Antioch to still the fears of the justly trembling populace. No sooner did these good tidings arrive than Chrysostom delivered his twenty-first homily to the people of Antioch, in which he recounts the circumstances of Flavian's journey and their deliverance in the most moving terms.

By the appointment of Theodosius, at the instance of his minister, Eutropius, Chrysostom was at length promoted to the see of Constantinople, but not without great reluctance on the part of the self-denying and laborious presbyter. Such a field of labour would increase his responsibilities and chagrins, and it was doubtful whether it would increase his usefulness. After some scruples on the part of Theophilus of Alexandria, who sought the promotion of a creature of his own, and who was disappointed at his want of success, the Alexandrian bishop took part in his consecration. No sooner was the archbishop in his new see than he commanded universal attention by his singular eloquence of speech and energy of rule. The former won him thousands of admirers, the latter unnumbered foes. The admiration of his hearers was shown in ways that appear strange to colder Northerners; the joyous temperament of the Greeks abounding in more vivid demonstrations than are considered with us compatible with good manners or the decorum of religious service. The manners of the Athenian agora were engrafted upon the Christian basilic, and the evangelical homilies of Chrysostom were saluted with the same bravos and applauses as had erewhile attended on the scenic stage the operas of Sophocles and Euripides. Often as the golden-mouthed expositor preached, he did not preach often enough to satisfy the itching ears of the excitable crowds of the capital. The court and the commons were alike emulous in showing their estimation of their archbishop; Chrysostom was raised to a seventh heaven of reputation, and the metropolis was attacked with a church-going mania, which it mistook for devotion.

But his sermons were a small part of Chrysostom's duties. Luxury and self-indulgence, both in laity and clergy, he denounced with unfaltering voice,—he curbed with unsparing hand. Everything in the shape of an ecclesiastical abuse he rooted out of his see without ceremony, setting in his own person an example of frugality, order, and the observance of a hermit-like

propriety of life. In his charities to the poor he so abounded that he was called John the Alms-giver; for his denunciations of those ladies who kept the houses of the priests, and those ambiguous virgins who cultivated the intimacy of the clergy more than the observant approved, he might have been called John the Woman-hater. Against these two classes of females he had written a book, and required his clergy to shun the scandal to which such associations gave rise. We learn further from his addresses to the people, when Eutropius found sanctuary in his church, that he had been faithful enough often to reprove and warn that ungodly minister when in the height of his power. The fidelity of the man of God to his high functions, the weaknesses and mistaken views of duty of a person not free from faults, and the corruption of many whom he encountered made him countless enemies; and all resulted, after a six years' tenure of his see, in an ignominious expulsion, the court acquiescing, the queen being active in procuring his banishment.

To some persons the exile or deposition of a patriarch has seemed a measure of too great importance to have resulted from the seemingly impotent dislike of an angry woman; and such persons are in their general principle right; but it must be borne in mind that Eudoxia the Empress was not impotent, nor do we represent court intrigue as the only cause of the exclusion of Chrysostom from his archiepiscopal see. In the paragraph immediately preceding, we have hinted at a cause of a totally different kind, namely, the virus of bigotry, acting without control on hearts unsanctified by the Spirit of God, and wholly abandoned to the dominion of natural lust and heretical pravity. This cause was one of those in most vigorous and effective operation, for Arianism in those days divided the Christian church along with orthodoxy, and claimed the larger moiety of the realm for its own. An intensely orthodox and actively propagandist archbishop was little likely to be looked upon with favour by men who held views on essential doctrines, such as the Divine constitution of Christ's person, and all that depend thereon, so diametrically opposed to their own. But yet, as if John Chrysostom's orthodoxy must sustain a cross-fire from different directions and parties, the very suspicion of being himself a participant in any degree in the opinions of Origen—a suspicion grounded on fact—awakened another class again to arms against him. This enmity was directed against him chiefly from Alexandria, where the opinions of Origen were held in the greatest disesteem, and had been formally pronounced contrary to the verity of Scripture, and the consistent tradition of the Church. We

may well suppose that there was a heathen element involved in the tide of detestation and persecution which eventually swept the great preacher away. Paganism still subsisted in more secret or open forms, raising its head probably in various rural quarters of his diocesan jurisdiction, if not in the metropolis itself, and encountering in the intensely Christian bishop an unslumbering and most formidable foe. His own clergy too, their parties and machinations, their corruption and indolence, their pride and insubordination, ought not to be overlooked as contributing their envious and malignant *quota* to the fall of their chief. But court intrigue, as it had the main hand in raising him to a conspicuous situation, had doubtless the principal merit of pulling John Chrysostom down. The elevation of the patriarch was owing in great part to the influence of the prime minister of Arcadius, the eunuch Eutropius, the first nomination of John of Antioch to the vacant see having been in fact made by that high official; so that, as the influence of the patron waned, it is at least nothing improbable that the fortunes of the client should be obscured in the same degree. Eutropius was sacrificed to the treachery of an intriguing commander-in-chief of the imperial troops, and was driven to take refuge from the queen's displeasure in the church of St. Sophia, the metropolitan church of the patriarch. Emboldened by the success of his treachery, Gainas, an Arian in his sentiments, demanded one of the churches of Constantinople to be ceded for the purposes of worship to the Arian party. This, with all the weight of his position and eloquence, Chrysostom withstood, with more success than he had withstood Eutropius's court scheme of robbing the clergy of the right of sanctuary in their churches.

This right had much to be said in its favour in barbarous times, however much in a normal and desirable state of society any authority should be condemned which came between the secular authority of states and its subjects. The right of asylum had been conceded under Constantine, and in an unsettled state of affairs, like the Israelitish institution of the cities of refuge, was an auxiliary rather than a hindrance of justice. But as it sometimes interfered with the instincts of vengeance, and the gratification of personal pique, more especially on the part of those in power, who could obtain assassins and *scelerats* in abundance to wreak their will upon the life of obnoxious persons, Eutropius, the prime minister, found it easy to revoke that privilege in the year 398, through the weak assent of the Emperor Arcadius. But fallen from his high estate, he was himself among the first to need the refuge of which he had sought to strip the endangered, whether innocent or guilty. The minister, driven from his palace to avoid arrest and an

ignominious death, betook himself to the church of the man, whose elevation he had in the first instance secured, whose faithful monition in the prosecution of his office he had spurned, and whose privileges he had sought to curtail in this matter of asylum. There Chrysostom defended him against the rescript of imperial vengeance, against the fury of an angry soldiery and a fickle populace, and against the vindictive feelings of the Christian congregations, who had witnessed his career with pain and displeasure. To his own people, while the miserable Eutropius crouched trembling before the altar, the sacred orator addressed an impassioned appeal from the tribune, ringing the changes on the caducity of high estate, the refrain of his oration being the inspired preacher's burden, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!" Chrysostom, moreover, did not confine his merciful interposition to his powerful and tender discourse, but, when himself conveyed before the court to answer for his protection of the culprit, he obtained of the facile emperor the immunity of the sacred precincts of Santa Sophia. The issue in the case of Eutropius was this: whilst he continued under the worthy bishop's wing he was safe; but endeavouring to make his escape he was apprehended and banished to Cyprus, whence after a time he was brought back to Chalcedon, tried, and condemned to lose his head.

Honest and disinterested himself in the highest degree, Chrysostom raised his voice against avarice and selfishness; and the friend of the oppressed poor, he never failed to champion their cause against the oppressive rich. The possessions of a patrician were coveted by the empress, and there was little scruple exercised as to the means whereby these should come into her hands; while greedy of gain, nothing was too small to excite her cupidity, for she longed to grasp the vineyard of a poor widow living near the city. These crying wrongs reached the ears of the advocate of the poor; and with such vigour did he ply his remonstrances, that shame surrendered what power had grasped, and the mortification of defeat was added to the pangs of disappointed desire. The haughty queen and covetous woman were not soon likely to forgive the intrepidity which had balked the one and defied the other. Opportunities of vengeance were furnished in abundance, and were not allowed to pass unimproved.

As the abuses of Church factions and the evil conduct of Church functionaries in those days are fraught with serious instruction to us of modern times, and the more so as those days and men are held up to admiration and imitation as the model epoch of Christianity, we deem it incumbent on us to dwell at some little length on the development of those enmities

and incidents which resulted in the ruin of John Chrysostom. We shall endeavour to put on record here a consecutive narration of that chain of events which immediately preceded, and led to the banishment of the patriarch from Constantinople, deriving our details chiefly from the History of Sozomen. The record will not fail to make us thank God for something better than Nicene Christianity, namely, English and nineteenth-century Christianity.

Theophilus, Bishop of Alexandria, was at one time on such cordial terms with his priest Isidorus, that he had endeavoured to secure him the see of Constantinople, when vacated by the death of Nectarius. But this feeling of regard was ere long supplanted by feelings of enmity, arising from the following circumstance: A wealthy widow lady intrusted Isidorus with an expenditure of a thousand pieces of gold on the poor women of the city, swearing him, at the same time, on the holy table, that Theophilus should not have the fingering of the money, lest he should expend it on some architectural vagary, or any other ecclesiastical object. When Theophilus found this out, he was filled with displeasure. Sozomen hints, that besides this, Isidorus had not been sufficiently pliant to dispense with the obligations of truth and justice in order to please the patriarch—another cause of deadly offence. But motives, even the basest, are so freely ascribed to the most sacred personages in the pages of contemporary historians about this period, that we hesitate to receive them as in every case literally true. Nevertheless, these odious caricatures convey probably the prevailing impression of the characters they consign to historical infamy. Theophilus having disguised his enmity for a time, at last convoked a synod of his clergy, and there produced a memorial against Isidorus, which he alleged had been lodged with himself eighteen years before; that he had forgotten it, and had only turned it up recently, when rummaging certain papers in his desk, and that he now required Isidorus to answer the charge. Isidorus replied, that though the patriarch had forgotten it, the person who preferred the complaint, must surely have asked after the fate of his memorial. To this Theophilus said, that he had gone to sea; whereupon Isidore rejoined, but he must have come back from his voyage after two or three years at farthest; which rejoinder non-plussed the patriarch. The session was adjourned. Meanwhile, Theophilus bribed a false witness to testify to the facts, the *douceur* being of the amount of fifteen pieces of gold. Isidore was condemned, but only a few days afterwards the suborned wretch, tormented by conscience, confessed the perjury, and vindicated Isidore. There was a terrible outcry against Theophilus, but

Isidore, fearing for his life, dared not remain any longer in Alexandria, lest the man who had stabbed his character should not hesitate to spill his blood. He betook himself to the monastery of Nitria, where he had spent his youth; a *cænobium* containing not less than five thousand inmates devoted to religious seclusion.

Theophilus was not thus to be balked of his revenge. He charged, in some measure justly, the Nitrian community with Origenism; but Theophilus himself might have been charged quite as correctly therewith, for when it suited his purpose he could defend Origen. When Epiphanius required the patriarch of Alexandria to condemn the writings of that suspected father, he replied, "The books of this doctor of the Church are a magnificent meadow; I gather the wholesome flowers, and I leave the poisons untouched." Ammonius, a man of sixty years, one of the most venerable and religious of the recluses of the desert, presented himself before Theophilus to vindicate his community from the charge of holding heretical views, when the patriarch burst into a storm of passion, threw his pallium at the old monk's head, struck him with his fists till he drew the blood, and cried, "Scoundrel, heretic, hypocrite! anathematize Origen." We may not follow too closely the thread of the narrative, but sum up the particulars in the general statement, that Theophilus deposed the heads of the monastery, pillaged the buildings, and dispersed the monks, who fled in great numbers to Jerusalem and elsewhere. The persecuting policy of the patriarch, who forbade his suffragans to receive the refugees into their dioceses, drove the miserable men to the most distant regions, and led many to Constantinople, to seek the protection of the emperor, and the sympathy of Chrysostom. This latter was not withheld; the patriarch lodged fifty of the aged monks in the precincts of the church of St. Anastasia, secured the alms of the pious for their support, but with a cautious wisdom not to give offence to any in authority in the Church, did not admit them to full communion with the Christians of Constantinople till he had made reference to their metropolitan, Theophilus. To this person Chrysostom wrote, begging him as a son and brother to pity the sorrows of the exiled monks, and to re-admit them to his diocese, that they might end their lives in their beloved desert-convent, and in the Divine service which made their solitude a paradise to their souls. The reply of Theophilus was a mission of five brethren charged with most serious accusations of false doctrine against the solitaries, amounting in some cases to the charge of magic and sorcery. Chrysostom still stood by the monks, the *μάκροι*, or tall brethren, as they were called from their stature;

and Theophilus, full of all wrath and subtlety against them, prepared to pursue them even to the death. The patriarch of Alexandria, not to be baffled in his contest with Chrysostom, engaged on his side, by false representations, Epiphanius, the bishop of Salamis, in the island of Cyprus, who was an impassioned anti-Origenist, and hunted heresy with the keen zest and scent of the bloodhound. This new element in the strife, Epiphanius, arrived at Constantinople, and, without permission asked of the bishop of the diocese, celebrated the offices of worship, and ordained a deacon, in open violation of all ecclesiastical order. To all this Chrysostom only replied with a procession of his clergy to meet and honour Epiphanius, and to invite him to share the hospitalities of his home. The zealous bishop answered, that he would not eat with him till he had condemned the votaries of Origen, the refugee monks under his protection. Epiphanius pushed his opposition to Chrysostom in the patriarch's own city, and amongst his own clergy, to an extreme degree, requiring all the forbearance of the magnanimous divine to withstand the trial put upon his patience when good but mistaken men, like Epiphanius and Jerome—for the recluse of Bethlehem too was involved in the matter—so cruelly and unjustly opposed him.

Denied justice at the hands of their own metropolitan, and finding Chrysostom unable to restore them in honour to their home, the brethren of Nitria appealed to the secular power, and after due investigation, secured the condemnation of those presbyters, the tools and emissaries of Theophilus, who had brought charges against them to Constantinople. Some of these were imprisoned, others banished by the imperial prefects—a dose of gall and wormwood to their ecclesiastical employer—and he himself was summoned to court to answer for his proceedings.

Theophilus came, taking the precaution to bring in his train thirty-six bishops, but refused to see, converse with, or enter the house of Chrysostom. Chrysostom, on the other hand, although requested by the emperor to decide upon the conduct of Theophilus, declined the invidious office, either from delicate feeling, or from respect for canonical rules. His antagonist observed no moderation. He plied all measures, good and bad, to excite enmity against the object of his dislike. Courtiers, women, parasites, laymen and clergymen, the rich and the poor, were assailed by every artifice and temptation, to steal them from the side of Chrysostom; and at last, with the signatures of two deacons of Constantinople, whom their patriarch had excluded from orders, the one for murder, the other for adultery, a memorial was addressed to the emperor, demanding a council

to sit upon the opinions of the archbishop. Gold plied freely, obtained access for the document to the royal presence; flattery adroitly offered to Eudoxia, contrasted with the unwelcome reproofs of the more honest Chrysostom, engaged her co-operation, and the council was decreed. It was held just across the Bosphorus, at the suburb of the Oak Tree, hard by Chalcedon, Rufinus, who had supplanted Eutropius, Chrysostom's patron, having a magnificent palace there, and the bishop of the place, Cyrinus, cherishing a theological hatred to his incomparable metropolitan. The council being assembled, in which sat the thirty-six bishops of Theophilus's party, the proceedings were opened by a presentation of twenty-nine heads of accusation against Chrysostom, by John the Archdeacon of Constantinople, whom Theophilus had summoned to the council, just as if the see of Chrysostom had been vacant. The charges against the archbishop were: 1. That he had excommunicated the aforesaid archdeacon for striking his servant. 2. That he had caused a monk, named John, to be dragged to prison. 3. That he had injured the clergy by directing against them his treatise on keeping unmarried women in their houses. 4. That he had accused three deacons of robbery and fraud. 5. That he had not received with honour the thrice-holy Acacius, Bishop of Berea. 6. That he had handed over the priest Porphyry to the secular arm. 7. That he had struck and ill-used some other person. 8. That he ate his meals alone from inhospitality or pride. 9. That he refused invitations to visit. 10. That he was haughty, distant, avaricious. 11. That he gave money to his bishops in order to bribe them to persecute their clergy. 12. That he entered and left the church without prayer. 13. That he robed and unrobed himself on the pontifical throne. 14. That he ate *pastilles*, and recommended the faithful to use water or pastilles after communion. 15. That he had the water of his bath warmed for himself. 16. That he sold the marbles which Nectarius, his predecessor, had provided to adorn the church of Anastasia. 17 to 29. To overwhelm the hated prelate, serious charges against his morals in other respects were expanded into the remaining items.

The summons to appear before the council was couched in these terms: The holy synod assembled in the suburb of the Oak, to John—We have received a long memorial against you recounting an infinity of crimes; we, therefore, order you to appear before us, and to bring with you Tyrius and Serapion, whose presence is indispensable. But Chrysostom declined compliance. The forty bishops who were with him indeed replied to Theophilus: That but for the regard they had to the canons of the Council of Nicea, they would have condemned the

patriarch of Alexandria first; that they had forty bishops on their side, and he but thirty-six; that theirs, moreover, were collected from divers provinces, including seven metropolitans, whereas those of Theophilus were only from a single province; and that further, they entertained against him no less than seventy heads of accusation. Chrysostom confined himself to protesting against the jurisdiction of Theophilus's synod, declaring himself ready all the time to meet the charges in their presence, if only they would exclude from their council the persons whom he named to them, who were unfavourable to his cause. Even the emperor's rescript commanding his attendance, gained no other answer. At last, the crafty and unscrupulous Theophilus secured the deposition of his antagonist, having first sought a politic reconciliation with his own injured monks. The emperor, led by the faction about him, and frightened by the violence of the enemies of Chrysostom, yielded to the clamour of priests, women, and nobles, and signed the decree for the exile of the uncompromising patriarch.

As soon as the people of the city knew of the outrage aimed at their chief pastor, they ran tumultuously from all quarters, surrounded the church and the palace, demanded a general council to decide the fate of the patriarch so unjustly dealt with in the packed synod, and drove away the imperial officers sent to apprehend Chrysostom. For some days and nights this state of things continued. The conflict at last ended by Chrysostom secretly surrendering himself to the soldiers sent to apprehend him, fearful lest loss of life should ensue if his followers came into collision with the troops. He was hurried off to the sea, and as he crossed the Bosphorus in the galley, the weeping pastor quoted the words of the bereaved patriarch of Uz, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!"

But this was not the end of the affair. It was not simply an imperial sentence and summary execution. Thus it was as far as the royal will availed, and the machinations of the prelate's foes; but thus it was not with the agitated populace, nor thus with the round world on which they stood. When the people ascertained that their pastor was gone, their affliction and indignation knew no bounds; their hands could scarcely be kept off Theophilus and his guilty partners; and they rushed in frantic wise to the forum, the church, and the palace, with loud requests and impassioned cries. On the ensuing night, too, there occurred an earthquake, which shook the city to its centre, and awoke superstitious fears in every breast. The powers of nature were expressing their sympathy with Chrysostom, and he must be recalled. The intriguing empress con-

fessed herself baffled by the attachment of the people to their priest, and by the singular coincidence of the earthquake. The banishment was revoked by order of the emperor, and Eudoxia, with her own deceitful hand, implored the patriarch to return. He came, and his return was an ovation. The waters once hidden beneath the keels of the invading Xerxes, were now concealed by barque and barge of exulting myriads, their songs—hosannas, and the grateful comment of Chrysostom, “When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream. The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.” In that procession across Homer’s “ocean-stream” music did its best with trumpet and oboe, with tabor and song, and “the loud-sounding cymbals;” and mirth laughed its loudest peals in unison with the beat of happy hearts; and the waters flashed their brightness back upon the shining faces of the multitude, while the oars kept time with their musical chime to all that was sweet and tuneful in that holiday pomp.

But this was only a rehearsal of a drama of expulsion: the drama itself was to be enacted in serious earnest thereafter. The interval was spent in perfecting the parts, and in maturing the catastrophe. The storm the good man bowed under was lulled, not spent. The fire of hate was smouldering, not extinguished, and Chrysostom, consciously or unconsciously, walked *cineri doloso*. Nevertheless, of the confidence and love of his people, the acclaim which attended his return is ample proof. He wished to decline the performance of the divine offices till his ecclesiastical attainder was revoked by a conciliar authority superior to that which deposed him, but the congregation of his metropolitan church would not hear of it. They dragged him by a gentle force up the steps and into the tribune, and listened once more to the voice of exhortation and thanksgiving from his golden mouth: with the ardour of orientalism, and in obedience to the custom of the day, they so loudly applauded and testified their approval of his harangue, that Chrysostom burst into tears, and abruptly closed his address.

The immediate occasion of the ultimate expulsion of the patriarch from his see was the erection of a silver statue of the Empress Eudoxia on a porphyry pillar in front of the senate house, close by the entrance of the metropolitan church. All the usages of heathenism, including its vices, were indulged in at the inauguration of the statue—play, dance, farce, pantomime—a noisy and impure revel, offensive to good manners, and totally unchristian. In name Christian, the capital teemed with pagans. The mob, the multitude, was greatly made up of bad women and worse men. The dregs of Asia and Europe met in this common sink, and their united

corruption was intolerable. Christianity did its best to sweeten it, but Christianity itself, between court patronage which was thralldom, and incorporated heathenism and natural deterioration, had itself become a degenerate thing, and was incapable of coping successfully with the giant evils around it. It still retained fine principles, and produced noble characters, for the worst Christianity was many grades superior to the best paganism, but it was sorely altered for the worse. The gold was become dim, the most fine gold changed. Yet men of piety and zeal, even under that tarnished system, were too enlightened to endure the gross licentiousness of the lingering idolatry, and protested by word and example against these enormities. Chrysostom was too plain-spoken to cloak his detestation of such things in silken phrases, and too frank not to express his indignation. He had evidently no liking for statues of crowned personages: it was Christians who had warred against them at Antioch. They were too often the offering of idolatrous veneration, not civil respect; and it seemed a duty to Heaven to throw them down. Eudoxia was his personal enemy; and the celebration of fixing her statue disturbed the devotions of the church. These were sufficient motives to call him into opposition again, and the excited prophet launched his invectives against the abuses attending the ceremony, not sparing, we may be assured, those who had given occasion for those abuses to appear. All this was reported with tenfold exaggeration to the court, and it sealed the patriarch's doom. Arcadius and his wife refused to receive the sacrament any longer from his hands; and sought his formal deposition, in conjunction with the enemies of Chrysostom, in another council. This was summoned: Chrysostom had many friends in it, but his defence would not be heard, on the point of order that he had resumed his episcopal functions without reinstatement by a competent authority. The patriarch was deposed, and exile was his doom. Thus his second tenure of the see was confined to two months; but he did not leave Constantinople at once. Stout-hearted to the last, animated by a conviction of right, by the fidelity of many of his clergy, by the support of upwards of forty bishops, and by the strong affection of his Christian people, Chrysostom would not give way, but bade defiance to imperial power, queenly hate, the decrees of councils, and the machinations of foreign prelates. At length, outrage apprehended and done upon his people, the peace of the city disturbed, bloodshed and conflagration in prospect, he yielded to the force of circumstances in the Midsummer of A.D. 404, and left his church by the eastern door, having ordered his horse to the western, lest he should be intercepted on his way. His

departure was the signal for the most cruel treatment of his adherents male and female, the lector Eutropius and the priest Tigrius, with others, being cruelly tortured to make them confess that they had set fire to his church. Chrysostom went to Nicca, in Bithynia, and thence in due time proceeded to Cucusus, a miserable village seated amongst the Taurus mountains, in a cold and barren region, eighty days' journey from Constantinople. He was more than two months on the road, and suffered humiliations and chagrins from the clerics and the civil authorities of the places which he traversed that must have been inexpressibly painful to his soul; while his body alternately burned with fever and shivered with cold. But he solaced his sorrows and the tedium of his way with correspondence with his most pious and trusted friends, especially the widows and deaconesses of his church. But the rigid clime of Cucusus was too much for the already shattered health of Chrysostom. Snow covered the mountains of that region early in autumn, and the exile was almost confined to his chamber. Perpetual headaches, stomach derangements, and want of sleep were his dismal ailments, and prostrated the powers both of mind and body. Famine, pestilence, and mountain brigands were daily companions in that ungenial district, and added the perils of a campaign to the weariness of exile. But even this was considered not sufficiently severe by his implacable persecutors. Those who made Constantinople a place of torment to that whole party which Chrysostom represented, a jail to some, a shambles for the butchery of others, had influence enough with the emperor to have the bishop removed from Cucusus to a place more rugged, inhospitable, and inaccessible still, Pityus, beyond the Euxine. After leaving Cucusus, where he had abode for three years till 407, Chrysostom was hurried along by cruel guards under every variety of weather, whether he was well or ill, without compassion or consideration. He was nearly done to death. With difficulty he reached Cumana in Pontus, and there lay down to die. It is true that next day his guards forced him on about three miles farther, without his having tasted food; but they were obliged to return; and there, preparing for death, the worn-out prelate assumed his priestly robes of spotless white, received the emblems of the Saviour's dying love, and with the words so familiar to his soul upon his lips, "God be glorified for all things, amen!" passed on to the presence of that Maker and Judge to whose glory he had consecrated his great talents. He consummated his career on the 14th of September, 407, happy amid misfortune, glorious amid shame. His persecutor, Eudoxia, died three weeks afterwards in the pangs of childbirth—a miserable caitiff amid the

splendours of loyalty. His clerical foes pursued him with their malignity beyond the tomb, for they refused to inscribe his name on the sacred diptych containing the names of those who died in the communion of the Church, and who were remembered in the holy mysteries; while Theophilus launched against his memory a pamphlet in which the least offensive terms applied to the patriarch were *impure* and *impious*, the *enemy of humanity*, the *prince of sacrilege*, a *hypocrite*. The Emperor Arcadius died eight months after Chrysostom, but without having done justice to the name of his most gifted servant. The body of the saint was translated thirty years afterwards with great pomp to the seat of empire, his own patriarchal see.

Deposited at last in an honourable grave, the younger Theodosius presiding at the ceremonial, which was a virtual revocation of his deposition, and a justification of his character from criminal blemish, the reputation, the influence of the great patriarch became greater than ever; his reputation, in fact, wide as the world, his influence lasting as time itself. His influence, we venture to predict, will extend itself with the enlargement of liberal studies in the Church. The rush of exegetical comment into our literature will necessitate this, and even now we often find appeal made to the expository works of the great Greek Father, but this will certainly become more common as our attention is increasingly directed to the original text and language of the New Testament Scriptures. But the widest extension to the influence of Chrysostom we expect in another direction,—as an invaluable aid to the oratory of the pulpit. For this purpose his works have never been sufficiently studied, and yet here they present an inexhaustible mine of wealth. And this is the key to our estimate of the man,—that he was beyond all dispute the greatest sacred Orator who has ever existed; nay, we go further, and place him at the head of all public speakers, whether they be “of Grecian or of Roman fame.” Demosthenes was undoubtedly a great politician—of doubtful honesty, we may subjoin; and Cicero a wonderful pleader and patriot, and a man of profound and varied attainments, but neither the one nor the other bears a moment’s comparison with the copious, creative, torrent-like flow of Chrysostom’s eloquence. It never ceased; it never stunted; it never shallowed or ran dry. Picturesque and varied as the scenery of his native Orontes, it was broad, majestic, and deep as his adopted Hellespont. No one that we can think of comes near him in his peculiar eloquence, except Jeremy Taylor; but the English divine is more designedly fanciful, quaint, and affected than the great Grecian. Taylor is that in

the closet which Chrysostom is in the pulpit, with the difference between passion and premeditation. Taylor is a great painter, Chrysostom a great musician. Taylor is elaborate and smooth, Chrysostom impassioned and abrupt. The one, the perfection of fancy; the other, the perfection of effective address, running over the diapason of the human soul in its every changeable mood with a master's skill, with an under tone sustaining the whole of ample learning and strong common sense. But let us not be mistaken in the verdict we have just pronounced. Those will greatly misapprehend us who fancy they will find in Chrysostom's pages elaborate and flashing paragraphs of word-music designed for effect; lengthened harangues appealing to the imagination or the heart, aiming at the excitement of the passions of his hearers; sky-rockets that mount heavenward by the help of a little extraneous matter in their head kindled with the fuse of a false enthusiasm, to glare, and flash, and rattle, and surprise. This is quite unlike the natural and manly eloquence of the Greek ecclesiast, who, if he knew such arts, would scorn to practise them, refuse their help, and utterly condemn their effects. His aim is rather so to expound Holy Scripture, and the Christian duties enforced therein, with the assistance of all the appliances in his reach—his own boundless talent, conscientious industry, and painful earnestness—as to bring out the sense of God's holy word to the understanding of his hearers, and make it the law of their life. Too much stress is laid upon Chrysostom's fancy. For our own part, we find it hard to recognise such a faculty in his writings. We perceive a copious rhetorical fulness of figure and illustration in his works, such as a well-furnished and ingenious mind will spontaneously supply, but neither predominance nor cultivation of fancy. His sermons are not overlaid with ornament; indeed, it would be hard to say in what part of his works ornament could with propriety be said to be *laid on*. All that appears to us is a natural genesis of good and obvious thoughts expressed in that vein of mingled poetry and prose which has ever lain within the province of the effective rhetorician; the variety and redundance of these resources of his eloquence being in proportion to the unexampled richness of the stores from which he drew. Chrysostom was a student more than an artist; and his results the combined effect of industry and unequalled genius, not of artifice and design. Who does not read in his persistence in "dining alone,"—a sin against the traditional housekeeping of the patriarchate not to be forgiven,—the secret of much of his success? A solitary by his monkish profession, he was so still more by the exigencies of his pursuits and his unintermitted preaching. Sermons five or six times in the week,

addressed to a cultivated and exacting auditory, carefully written beforehand, and delivered without a manuscript, would have tasked the powers of the most extraordinary orator; and did so in the case of this distinguished Father. He was ever equal to his work, for he might have relaxed it if he felt so disposed; but he continued to prosecute it at a fearful expenditure of time, and pains, and health—of studious seclusion and continuous thought. The people, fed on his honied accents, became fastidious in their tastes, and would listen patiently to no other in Chrysostom's church but the patriarch himself. The distinction was flattering to the orator, but it entailed an enormous amount of labour, and is the simple key to much of the obloquy that befel him for his presumed distance of manner and reserve. His unsocial habits arose from no unsocial disposition—he neither despised nor renounced his species—but from the demands of the pulpit. *A great preacher must be a diligent student*, and Chrysostom was both.

To quote favourable opinions of this magnificent divine, would be to quote from almost every one that has ever written upon the subject. Suffice it to say, in the words of our own Savile, “Johanne Chrysostomo, nemo Græcorum patrum plura dedit, nemo meliora.” No preacher of any communion will repent of making Chrysostom a frequent study; we refer chiefly to his expository and hortatory works. The times are favourable to such studies, for the Fathers of the Church have their merits recognised now-a-days as they have not been for two centuries past. The conviction is arising on all hands that they were not so puerile and besotted as it has been the fashion in unlearned or secular circles to represent them; but that the estimate formed of them in earlier days, and within the pale of the Greek and Latin churches, must have been based upon considerable merits. With our views and known convictions, we must allow that there is much chaff in their writings, arising from their superstitious training and ecclesiastical position; nevertheless, candour will own that the chaff bears no proportion to the wheat. They were learned men, they were conscientious men, they were earnest and influential men, and filled a very large space in the eyes of their contemporaries and immediate successors, and this could not be without indisputable intellectual and moral pre-eminence. Jerome, Augustine, and especially Chrysostom, we would urge upon the daily, the nightly perusal of the ministers of all communions, as voluminous and learned writers, zealous and distinguished divines, and one or two of these, powerful and popular preachers. The Puritans and the early Nonconformists, whose folios have been the nurture of our piety, and are still the admiration of the

world and the fortune of the booksellers, were devout students of the Fathers. Their text and margins are studded with quotation and reference from these long-neglected authors, and they feel happy when they can clench a doctrine or close a period with an authority from the early Church. When we advocate their more habitual study now, it is with a view to their legitimate use: not to foster the vanities of pedantry; not to inoculate with an exaggerated ritualism; not to lead astray from the "green pastures" and "still waters" of the only inspired Book; not to reproduce, with the loathing of the auditory, Chrysostom and Augustine in a modern pulpit; but in order that the learning, the method, the eloquence, the plenitude, the earnestness, the fire of these holy men, which charmed contemporaries, and have won everlasting renown, may be transfused into the present generation of servants of the sanctuary. The English translation of the "Library of the Fathers" facilitates the adoption of our advice; but our advice extends to the Greek of Chrysostom, as cheaper for the pocket, and more satisfactory to the student himself.

ART. III.—GEORGE STEPHENSON.

The Life of George Stephenson. By Samuel Smiles. Third Edition; Revised with Additions. London: Murray.

Was it the excitement of youth, or the exhilaration incident to that mode of travelling, that made us, with a zest which the railroad never inspires, mount in Basinghall Street, or at the White Horse Cellars, the "Company's Coach," about six o'clock on a fine summer's evening, with four fine horses in sparkling gear before us, and Bath or Bristol for a terminus? Very luxurious was the evening ride through the varied scenery of the Western road; very pleasant was it to watch the setting sun, the deepening twilight, the starry host coming forth into full revelation, the rising moon; pleasant to chat with fellow-travellers without being compelled to raise the voice to a bawl; pleasant when after midnight, the pealing notes of the guard's horn seemed to give new life to the pattering hoofs of the horses till they drew up at the half-way house, where a bright fire and a well-spread table presented charms such as the most spiritual could not withstand, and the "Refreshment Room" knows not. It were vain to call in question the triumph of locomotives, as exhibited in the intensely interesting "Life of George Stephenson;" but

reviewers, whose hair has long been grey, may be forgiven for remembering with lingering fondness those chronometers, the Manchester "Telegraph" and "Defiance;" and that Shrewsbury "Wonder," with its five or six mile stages, the coachman never handling his whip, and almost afraid to suffer to break into a gallop that noble team, which proudly trotted over the six miles, so as to leave two minutes or nearly of the half-hour for changing horses. We do not wish to forget how once as that famous coach was rolling up the hill near Barnet, with steeds that did not seem to know the difference between ascending and descending gradients, the guard pointed, with such admiration as guards only could express, to a post-chaise, as we passed it, in which were two ladies unattended: "There, sir, those ladies came out of Shrewsbury with me this morning; not many ladies in England would keep up with the 'Wonder,' in that way, sir." For the mere pleasure of travelling, nothing has yet matched the outside of a first-rate coach in fine weather, as such coaches were worked just before the introduction of locomotives:—

"But it had its dark side also. Any one who remembers the journey by stage from Manchester to London will associate it with recollections and sensations of not unmingled delight. To be perched for twenty hours, exposed to all weathers, on the outside of a coach, trying in vain to find a soft seat—sitting now with the face to the wind, rain, or sun, and now with the back—without any shelter such as the commonest penny-a-mile parliamentary train now daily provides,—was a miserable undertaking, looked forward to with horror by many whose business called upon them to travel frequently between the provinces and the Metropolis. Nor were the inside passengers more agreeably accommodated. To be closely packed up in a little, inconvenient, straight-backed vehicle, where the cramped limbs could not be in the least extended, nor the wearied frame indulge in any change of posture, was felt by many to be a terrible thing. Then there were the constantly recurring demands, not always couched in the politest terms, for an allowance to the driver every two or three stages, and to the guard every six or eight; and if the gratuity did not equal their expectations, growling and open abuse were not unusual. These *désagréments*, together with the exactions practised on travellers by innkeepers, seriously detracted from the romance of stage-coach travelling; and there was a general disposition on the part of the public to change the system for a better."—Pp. 346, 347.

George Stephenson was the main instrument in effecting that change—a change great in itself, and in its consequences to England and the world, incalculable. The volume before us is the third edition of the history of that remarkable man, and contains many particulars illustrative of his private life and

habits, while residing at Liverpool, Alton Grange, and Tapton, which supply an admitted defect in the earlier editions of his biography. The work exhibits clearly and fully, the triumphs of Mr. Stephenson's moral character and mechanical genius. They who wish to trace the locomotive in all the stages of its advance to its present perfection, will find here the requisite information: yet the book is a biography, not a dissertation on mechanics. The numerous scientific details which its five hundred pages contain, are all made to revolve around the engineer; and by the help of a few master-strokes, in which this third edition excels, Mr. Smiles makes his reader thoroughly conversant with his hero, from the time when his home was in Jolly's Close, where father, mother, four sons, and two daughters, all lived and slept in one room, till he had won for himself one of "the stately homes of England," and the two most illustrious of living monarchs, Victoria and Leopold, sought to shower honours on his head, and were not able; for, to the name of George Stephenson, any addition from the Herald's College would have been not glory, but a shadow.

George Stephenson, the real railway king, was the son of parents "who had very little to come and go upon—honest folk, but sore haudden doon in the world." His father was "an exceedingly amiable person," who encouraged the robins to feed around his engine fire, and delighted the boys and girls by his stories of Robinson Crusoe and Sinbad the Sailor. His mother, though somewhat nervous, "was a rare canny body." At an early age George was delighted to obtain employment as a cow-keeper, his wages being twopence a-day. His favourite amusement was, in conjunction with his chosen playmate Tom Thirlaway, to erect clay engines, the wild hemlock serving for imaginary pipes. Gradually, but surely, he gets better work, and about the age of fourteen, is appointed assistant-fireman to the engine, at one shilling a-day. Three years afterwards he becomes plugman, taking precedence of his father as a workman; and despite some obstacles, he pushed his way onward to yet more responsible occupation. Intending to marry, he added shoe mending and making, and the manufacture of lasts, to his other labours, as a means of increasing his slender resources. From the time an engine was placed under his care, it became his practice to take it to pieces on Saturday afternoon, for the twofold purpose of cleaning it and gaining a perfect knowledge of its parts and working. When he had reached the age of twenty-nine, an engine set up to pump water from a pit, failed to accomplish its purpose, though kept at work for nearly twelve months. Stephenson had repeatedly from curiosity marked the failure, and examined the

works. "Weel, George," said one of the workmen, "what do you mak' o' her? Do you think you could do anything to improve her?" "Man, I could alter her and make her draw: in a week's time from this I could send you to the bottom." The speech was reported to the head viewer, and George was asked to try. Making only one condition, but insisting on that, namely, that he should select his own workmen, he consented. He commenced on Sunday morning; on Wednesday, the engine was at work again; on Friday afternoon, the men were sent to the bottom. At the age of thirty-one, he was appointed engine-wright of the colliery, at the salary of £100, and a horse for his use, his business being now to superintend the construction of engines and railroads, and to watch the working of both. The locomotive was not then unknown, but was regarded very much in the light of a curious and costly toy. But Stephenson's eye was upon it, and his mind pondering the vast importance of the invention; and the more he thought, the deeper became his conviction of its practicability, its power, and its growing use.

Wooden rails were used near Newcastle very long ago, probably as early as the year 1630. About a century later, iron began to be substituted for wood; and in 1800, Mr. Benjamin Outram "used stone props instead of timber for supporting the ends and joinings of the rails." Hence the name Outram roads, abbreviated into tram-roads. On the 2nd of September, 1813, a locomotive was tried on one of the roads, which drew sixteen waggons, weighing seventy tons, at the rate of about three miles an hour; but it was unsightly and costly, and pulled the road to pieces, and shortly afterwards burst. The colliery owners did not feel disposed to repeat the experiment. Among the spectators was Stephenson, who was heard to say that he thought he could make a much better engine than that. Obtaining the consent of his employer, Lord Ravensworth, he forthwith applied himself to the task, and produced one, which, on the 25th of July, 1814, drew after it thirty tons on an ascending gradient of 1 in 450, with a speed of about four miles an hour. It was cumbrous, clumsy, noisy, barely cheaper than horse-power, and its speed only that of a horse's walk. The idea of increasing the rate of combustion, by causing the steam to escape through the chimney, at once doubled the power of the engine; and by this simple expedient, Stephenson really decided the question as to the use of locomotives for the traction of coal. In 1815, he produced another engine, "containing the germ of all that has since been effected."

George Stephenson was a truly great man, and, therefore,

not a man of one idea. In the year 1806, he was employed as brakesman at the mouth of a pit. Four men had just descended for some special work, and he had ordered a fifth to accompany them, and set them to work. They had scarcely reached the bottom ere an explosion took place, and wood, stones, and trusses of hay were blown out of the mine, and into the air like balloons. Ten men were killed, and a loss of about £20,000 incurred. From that time Stephenson studied the subject of fire-damp by the aid of books and of his own experience, his inquiries being quickened by the dreadful accidents too often spreading gloom over the neighbourhood in which he dwelt; and at length he succeeded in planning a safety-lamp; and one made according to his instructions was taken to his house on the 21st of October, 1815, where he himself arrived at nightfall. Moodie, the under-viewer, was there by appointment. Mr. Wood, who was expected, had not arrived, and a messenger was despatched a mile in the darkness, to seek him. It was nearly eleven o'clock when the three went down into the mine to try, for the first time, the daring experiment, whether a safety-lamp might be harmlessly carried, where an unprotected candle would produce a deadly explosion. Reaching one of the foulest galleries, they boarded up a part of it to confine the gas, thereby rendering it as foul as possible. After waiting about an hour, Moodie, whose practical acquaintance with fire-damp was greatest, was sent without a light to examine the spot; who, returning, reported that if a candle were introduced an explosion must inevitably follow, and warned Stephenson not to risk life and the pit, by proceeding; but, confident in his lamp, he lighted the wick, and advanced. His companions declined to throw away their lives, and retired to a place of safety; the glimmering lamp and its dauntless contriver soon disappeared in the windings of the mine. Alone he reached the spot in which the most fearful elements of destruction had been imprisoned, entered within the partition, and held out his lighted lamp where the noxious current was the strongest. The flame at first increased, then flickered and went out. He had produced a lamp which would light the miner while it was safe to work, and by its extinction warn him of his danger, when safety was at end. To this day it is doubted whether the "Geordy Lamp," the prior invention, be not preferable to the "Davy."

Resuming now the history of Stephenson's greatest achievement, it will be remembered that all the locomotives, excepting his, had been abandoned; and though his was kept at work daily, it was not at such a saving of expense as could lead to its general adoption. His next step was to diminish expense

by improving the road; then followed the contrivance of springs, which further facilitated the working of the huge machine. Amidst all difficulty and ridicule, the master-mind clung with undoubting faith to the certainty of eventual success.

In 1819, the owners of the Hetton Colliery, in the county of Durham, resolved to have their waggon-way, about eight miles in length, altered into a locomotive railroad, and Stephenson was appointed engineer. It was opened on the 18th of November, 1822, amidst crowds of spectators, five engines of his manufacture being at work upon it, which moved about four miles an hour, each engine drawing after it sixty-four tons weight. The experiment was perfectly decisive as to the value of the locomotive for the traction of heavy goods, where the traffic was great, and a nearly level road could be secured; but the way was by no means clear to its adoption for the transit of general merchandise, much less of passengers.

While the Hetton road was being formed, a far more important project was also advancing to completion, namely, the Stockton and Darlington Railway *for the use of the public*. The history of the undertaking has the charm of a romance. Its originator was one of that rapidly diminishing class of men, whose attire and creed seem to separate them from the sordid and even material interests of the present world, and to belong rather to the monastery than the exchange; but who are found in practice to be, in mercantile energy, and sharpness, and success, second to none. Edward Pease discerned in 1817, the desirableness of a railroad from the neighbourhood of Darlington to Stockton, his main object being the delivery of coals along the line of the road. Not twenty shares were subscribed for in Stockton; but, influenced by Mr. Pease, the Quakers took up the project, and in 1818, a bill was before Parliament. The proposed line ran near one of the Duke of Cleveland's fox covers; and, for that reason, the noble duke opposed, and just succeeded in defeating the measure. In 1819, the sturdy projectors were ready with another bill for a line, so altered as to leave the foxes undisturbed; but the turnpike-road trustees raised an alarm of the total ruin of their trusts; whereupon Mr. Pease issued a notice, offering to buy up their securities, or any of them, at the original price; and so that clamour was hushed. In January, 1820, George III. died, and the proceedings were suspended. On the 19th of April, 1821, the bill passed. Stephenson still, to use his own words, "only the engine-wright at Killingworth," introduced himself to Mr. Pease, roundly told him that locomotives would entirely supersede all horse-power upon railroads, and strongly urged him to adopt them on his projected

line. "Come over," said he, "to Killingworth, and see what my 'Blucher' can do; seeing is believing, sir." The sharp-sighted Quaker discerned in the applicant the man he wanted; and employed him, first to make a new survey, and afterwards to construct the road. As the time for the opening approached, an eager discussion arose whether horse-power, fixed engines, or locomotives, should be employed. Mr. Pease, influenced by the engineer, induced the directors to give the locomotive a trial; and three engines were ordered for the purpose of Stephenson and Co. On an experimental trip they were found capable of running from twelve to fifteen miles an hour; but were better fitted for the slow and heavy work for which they had been built. The day of opening approached, but previously to its arrival, Stephenson, accompanied by his son and John Dixon, made a survey of the works, and then went to an inn at Stockport to dine; where he adopted the very unusual measure of ordering a bottle of wine, to drink success to the railway. To this select audience, he made this remarkable speech:—

"Now, lads, I will tell you that I think you will live to see the day, though I may not live so long, when railways will come to supersede almost all other methods of conveyance in this country—when mail coaches will go by railway, and railroads will become the great highway for the king and all his subjects. The time is coming when it will be cheaper for a working man to travel on a railway than to walk on foot. I know there are great and almost insurmountable difficulties that will have to be encountered; but what I have said will come to pass as sure as we live. I only wish I may live to see the day, though that I can scarcely hope for, as I know how slow all human progress is, and with what difficulty I have been able to get the locomotive adopted, notwithstanding my more than ten years' successful experiment at Killingworth."—Pp. 196, 197.

The 27th of September, 1825, was the day of opening. The assembly to witness it was immense. Some were there to gratify curiosity, some to rejoice in the event, some to see the bubble burst.

"The train consisted of six waggons, loaded with coals and flour; after these was the passenger coach, filled with the directors and their friends, and then twenty-one waggons fitted up with temporary seats for passengers; and, lastly, came six waggon-loads of coals, making in all a train of thirty-eight vehicles. The signal being given, the train started, and it accomplished the first eight and three-quarter miles in sixty-five minutes. The arrival at Stockton excited deep interest and admiration."—P. 198.

The success was decisive. A passenger and goods traffic

sprung up immediately; and in a set race between the engine "Active," and one of the regular stage coaches, "Active" won the race by about a hundred yards.

During the progress of the bill for the formation of this road, a curious incident occurred, showing the helplessness of the poor, through their want of representatives in Parliament; the tricks which even the best of our legislators will play, and the manner in which cunning often defeats itself. Mr. Lambton, afterwards Earl of Durham, held extensive colliery property near Stockton, and was anxious to guard against competition with the collieries near Darlington; and he, therefore, got inserted into the bill a clause, forbidding more than a half-penny a ton per mile to be charged on any coal brought along the line, to Stockton, for shipment; neither he, nor any one else, dreaming that its conveyance at that rate was, or ever would be, possible. His object was to establish a monopoly at the expense of the public—and he had his reward. The half-penny rate proved the vital element in the success of the railway; and in the course of a few years, the annual shipment of coal from it exceeded five hundred thousand tons.

This line was worked partly by horses, partly by fixed engines, and partly by locomotives. The passenger traffic was very rudely provided for, and did not create any general hope of the substitution of locomotives for coaches. For that, the last and crowning achievement, we have to look to the next great railway project.

The very pressing want of some improved means for the transit of merchandise, between Liverpool and Manchester, led the enterprising merchants of those towns to form a company for the construction of a double line of railway between them. A deputation was sent to Killingworth, to inspect the working of the railroad there, and they reported favourably of the locomotives, both for economy and speed. Stephenson was appointed surveyor; and when, despite the most pertinacious and annoying opposition, he had completed his survey, he was called as a witness before a committee of the House of Commons, and tormented by a three days' cross-examination, conducted by men trained to the art of perplexing witnesses, and hired to defeat the purpose he had most at heart. The bill was lost, poor Stephenson being made the butt of ridicule by the leading counsel, and stigmatized as an ignoramus, a fool, and even a maniac; though he was the only man present, and indeed the only man in the world, who understood the business for which that committee had been convened. Thoroughly honest, and, as to railroads, the wise man of all the earth, he lacked two things on which—humbling as the

confession is—the weight of words very much depends, namely, a great name and glibness of speech.

The bill was speedily introduced again; but it was not deemed wise to venture a second time on Stephenson as a witness, and his place was supplied by engineers and surveyors of the highest reputation. The route was slightly changed to avoid game preserves, and other means were adopted to conciliate opponents. The bill passed; and Stephenson was appointed engineer, at a salary of £1,000 a year. The work involved the peculiar difficulty arising from Chat Moss, a bog four miles across. The engineer had no experience to guide him; public opinion predicted utter failure; “for weeks and weeks” he went on pouring materials into the insatiable bog without the least sign of being able to raise the solid embankment one single inch; his assistants were fast losing all hope; the directors began to speak of the task as impracticable; other engineers were consulted, and they reported unfavourably; a board meeting was called to consider whether the work should be abandoned; fortunately, the indomitable engine-wright of Killingworth never for one moment doubted the issue, and six months after that board meeting, he took a party of the directors’ friends over the Moss by a locomotive, on their way to dine at Manchester. Kilsby Tunnel, less than a mile and a half in length, cost £350,000: the cost of the four miles over Chat Moss was £28,000.

When the line was approaching completion, it was necessary to determine what motive power should be employed upon it. To us, now, it must appear marvellous and almost astounding, that after the experience which has been explained, there should have existed the slightest doubt. There did exist the greatest doubt. Telford and the Rennies discountenanced the locomotive; and the directors, deluged with all sorts of plans, called in two professional engineers of high standing, Mr. Walker of Limehouse, and Mr. Rastrick of Stourbridge. These gentlemen examined the Northern railways, and then concurred in recommending the use of fixed engines in preference to locomotives. *George Stephenson stood alone.* Not a single professional man of any eminence countenanced him; but, firmer than the pillars of Staffa amid the swell of the Atlantic, he held fast his confidence; pointed out to the directors the prodigious disadvantages of working so long a line by fixed engines; challenged them to let him produce an engine for the purpose of trial, pledging himself that it should work heavy goods along the line with speed, regularity, and safety. Swayed by his resoluteness, they offered a prize of £500 for a locomotive which should best fulfil certain con-

ditions, be ready not later than October 1st, 1829, and not exceed £550 in price. The trial commenced on the 6th, and was not concluded till the 14th. Four engines started, one of them being the "Rocket" from Stephenson's manufactory at Newcastle. The other three, from different causes, failed. The "Rocket" drew its appointed load at an average speed of fifteen miles an hour, ten being the speed required; and when the prize had been adjudged, Stephenson ordered it to be brought out and disengaged from its load of twenty tons, and to the admiration, if not awe, of the spectators, it made two trips at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour. The shares of the company immediately rose ten per cent. The grand triumph of the age was won.

The sublime invention which is changing the aspect of the whole world, owes its existence, progress, and perfection entirely to voluntary effort, and chiefly to individual energy. Government, from first to last, did nothing to develop, but much to obstruct, an enterprise which might have seemed, beyond almost any other, to justify and require the interference of the state. So early as 1812, Stephenson produced his first engine, and remarked to his friends that "there was no limit to the speed of such an engine, if the works could be made to stand it." For the following seventeen years, instead of seeing the worth of this mighty instrument and fostering the invention, government had to be fought, and conquered or bribed, at every step. So late as 1825, Stephenson appeared before a committee of the House of Commons; told them that he had laid down or superintended six railways, improved three others, and constructed fifty-five engines, of which sixteen were locomotives; that his locomotives had been at work eleven years, and had exceeded his most sanguine expectations; that twenty tons might be drawn eight miles, and forty tons four miles an hour; that indeed he had no doubt they might go at the rate of twelve miles an hour; but the testimony of this man was overborne by the vague assertions of theorists, the babbling of conceited advocates, and the covetousness of senatorial landowners. The following year the bill was again brought forward, and after its promoters had expended £27,000, leave was granted, or rather extorted, to make a railroad from Liverpool to Manchester. During the progress of the works, application was made to government for monetary aid. Telford was consulted, and replied that he did not know whether either fixed engines or locomotives would answer, and though both had answered for fifteen years, the aid was refused. After the all-decisive experiment of 1829, the government was directing its attention to the improvement of the old

turnpike roads, and voting large sums of money to reward Mr. MacAdam. In 1832, a bill was presented to Parliament for a line from Birmingham to London. It passed the Commons. The sum of £10,000 was asked as the price of withdrawing one part of the opposition to which it was exposed in the Lords; in short, the opposition had been got up for the purpose of being bought off. The bribe was refused, and the bill rejected. The directors, however, found that if they would succeed with noble lords, they must pay. The estimate, therefore, of money for land, which was £250,000 in the first bill, was raised to £750,000 in the second; and then the patriotic senators suffered the bill to become law; but not till £72,868 had been consumed in parliamentary expenses. Such is governmental patronage of the greatest national works.

Mr. Stephenson was accustomed to attribute his success in life mainly, if not entirely, to one quality, perseverance. "He never would have it that he was a genius, or that he had done anything which other men, equally laborious and persevering with himself, could not have accomplished." The same notion appears repeatedly in the pages of the biography, and is much more to the credit of Mr. Stephenson's modesty than of his judgment. Unquestionably the miseries of society are to be traced chiefly to the want of two virtues, which it is in every man's power to practise, thrift and perseverance. It cannot be too sedulously impressed upon young men, that if they have health, and will but be steadfast and economical, they are absolutely certain of success. Let them banish the word "luck" from their vocabulary; and set out in life as faithful disciples of Solomon, who says, "the hand of the diligent maketh rich;" "seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." But when an authority like Stephenson conveys the impression that almost any man is competent to do what he did, he is betrayed into gross and not harmless exaggeration. There is as much difference between man and man, as between the Shetland pony and the London dray-horse, as between the Suffolk cart-horse and the winner of "the Derby." It is only here and there a man that can bear a staff "like a weaver's beam." To tell the multitude they may do all a giant does if they will, is but to mislead and dishearten them. Their powers are limited. To be diligent and faithful within the limits assigned them, is the whole of their duty; and to that duty they are not at all schooled, by being encouraged to imitate the frog in the fable. Sebastian Bach might say, "I was industrious, and whoever is equally industrious will be equally successful;" but the assumption that every man has the capacity to produce the music of

Bach, or the dramas of Shakspeare, or the engineering feats of Stephenson, is simply absurd; and can but delude those who are weak enough to be flattered by it. A moderate amount only of mental capacity is possessed by men generally. In their own sphere, they may be happy, useful, loved, honoured of God, educated for the highest honours of the kingdom of Christ, which will be meted out according to moral excellence; but they ought not to be told it is their own fault if they are not as tall as the son of Kish, or as strong as the son of Manoah.

George Stephenson, though a very modest man, unwittingly attributed far too much to himself, when he resolved his achievements into his own industry and perseverance. He possessed unusual bodily strength and endurance, and mentally he belonged to the class which are both shrewd and powerful beyond their fellows. Hearing some one read from a newspaper a description of the Egyptian mode of hatching eggs, he tried the experiment with birds' eggs by his engine fire. When a man grown, he acquired the arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic; mastered reduction while his comrade was wearying himself with the mysteries of simple division; and eventually outstripped his teacher. He tried his hand at perpetual motion; when his clock had been injured by fire, he took it to pieces, and repaired it, and so acquired a new and profitable business. From the difficulties created by the war, his enterprising spirit suggested an escape by emigration, and he was kept in England only by having spent his savings on his needy parents. He had a small garden, and no finer leeks or cabbages were to be found in the neighbourhood than there. In after life, he bore away the prize for pines from his friend Paxton, and for grapes in a competition with all England. The cucumbers, indeed, for a time baffled all the efforts of the engineer to make them grow straight, but at length he hit upon the plan of having glass cylinders made for them to grow in, and carrying one of the first successful specimens to his visitors, he exclaimed, "I think I have bothered them noo." He was a man qualified corporeally, mentally, and morally, to be foremost in the race of life.

Railroads will be ever associated in English history with some of the most discreditable tricks ever practised. It is greatly to Mr. Stephenson's honour that, while connected more closely than any other man with their construction and working, he unswervingly kept in the pathway of integrity and honour. His engines were thoroughly well made; and in the formation of new roads he took care to have good materials, and good workmanship, and would tolerate no "scamping." In the wild excitement of 1844 and 1845, he never speculated in shares, and did his best to convince all—and they were very many—who

endeavoured in vain to secure his sanction as engineer of worthless lines, of the ruinous consequences of their procedure.

As far as the memoir supplies any evidence in point, it presents Stephenson to us as an amiable child, a good son, a kind husband, an affectionate and wise father. Gladly should we have learned more than is revealed of his character religiously considered. When the head viewer went to ask him about the engine which failed to pump the water from the pit at Killingworth, he was dressed in his Sunday's suit, about to proceed to "the preachings" in the Methodist chapel, which at that time he attended. In later years,—

"Whilst walking in the woods or through the grounds, he would arrest his friends' attention by allusion to some simple object,—such as a leaf, a blade of grass, a bit of bark, a nest of birds, or an ant carrying its eggs across a path,—and descant in glowing terms upon the creative power of the Divine mechanician, whose contrivances were so exhaustless and so wonderful. This was a theme upon which he was often accustomed to dwell in reverential admiration, when in the society of his more intimate friends.

One night, when walking under the stars, and gazing up into the field of suns, each the probable centre of a system, forming the Milky Way, a friend said to him, 'What an insignificant creature is man, in sight of so immense a creation as that.' 'Yes,' was his reply, 'but how wonderful a creature also is man, to be able to think and reason, and even in some measure to comprehend works so infinite!'"

With these exceptions, there is scarcely a reference to be found to the religious views or practices of this distinguished man. The slight incidental evidence which the history supplies, is certainly not such as a pious man would desire. At page 357, a brief journal is given, extending from August 4th, 1836, to September 10th. We extract the only Sunday entries it contains:—

"August 14th. Meeting with Mr. Hudson at York, and journey from York to Newcastle." "21st. Carlisle to Dumfries by mail, forward to Ayr by chaise, proceeding up the valley of the Nith, through Thornhill, Sanquhar, and Cumnock." "28th. Journey from Edinburgh, through Melrose and Jedburgh to Horsley, along the route of Mr. Richardson's proposed railway, across Carter Fell." "September 4th. Sunday at Manchester."

Earnestly have we looked at the tale of his advancing life till in his 67th year he gave up the ghost, in quest of some intimations that he knew Him who is "the way, the truth, and the life," and that his great soul thrilled with the thought of eternity, and of that state amid the stupendous realities of which the

achievements of earth shall appear as do now to man the feats of childhood. We have looked in vain. We can only hope that, in this respect, the written life is not a perfectly accurate transcript of the actual life.

ART. IV.—THE ATHEISMS OF GEOLOGY.

1. *The Testimony of the Rocks ; or, Geology in its Bearings on the Two Theologies, Natural and Revealed.* By Hugh Miller. Edinburgh : Shepherd & Elliot. 1857.
2. *Atheisms of Geology : Sir C. Lyell, Hugh Miller, &c., confronted with the Rocks.* By J. A. S. London : Piper, Stephenson, & Co. 1857.
3. *Voices from the Rocks ; or, Proofs of the Existence of Man during the Palæozoic, or most Ancient Period of the Earth : a Reply to the late Hugh Miller's "Testimony of the Rocks."* London : Judd & Glass. 1857.

WE much doubt whether the attempt so frequently made to reconcile the Mosaic narrative of the Creation and the discoveries or deductions of Geology have been to the glory of God, and the honour of His word. The authors who, with great confidence in their several modes of concordance, have claimed for their theories the authority of Revelation, have greatly over-estimated the value of their speculations. Every Christian mind is fully convinced that whenever a want of harmony is perceived between the declarations of the Bible and the deductions of science, man has been a false interpreter of one or both. The schemes of the Mosaical geologists have, therefore, whether received or rejected, no influence upon the faith of believers in Revelation, for they have already accepted the conclusion of the Apostle—"Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that those things which are seen were not made of things which do appear." To the sceptic these pseudo-geological hypotheses are absolutely valueless. If he desire to bring his faith into harmony with his reason, and doubting be a state of painful suspense, he will seek for more convincing proofs of the authenticity of the Divine revelation than this subject is adapted to supply ; and if his incredulity be a fictitious condition of mind, assumed as a justification of the habitual neglect of religious duties, or breaches of the moral law, a comparison of Sinai and Calvary will better suit his case than a reconciliation of the mineral and Mosaical geologies.

But we are disposed to go a step further in our depreciation of this class of books; for in many instances, we believe, they have encouraged the scepticism their authors honestly intended to remove. The Mosaic narrative of the Creation is singularly brief and explicit, and speculative minds have taken advantage of the brevity to interpolate explanations after their own fashion. If a number of artists were to paint pictures from the same bare outline, their works would prove, by dissimilarity, how little the greater number must resemble the original conception, or the living subject. The narrative of the Creation supplies a series of such outlines, and minds differing in character and in cultivation perceiving them under different lights, one has given prominence to parts which another has put in distance, and many have thus lost the spirit of the sketch altogether. This dissimilarity in the protended copies has, we fear, often excited a doubt as to the truthfulness of the original; and careless, ignorant minds have been taught to despise when they were asked to admire. But in making this statement, we have no desire to repress the expression of opinion, nor to condemn controversy within the legitimate area of scriptural research, and in the spirit of Christian candour.

Although we fully admit the necessity and benefit of a rigid examination of scientific deductions, we dispute both the propriety and right of those who use science for the purpose of denouncing the conclusions which stand in the way of preconceived hypotheses; and in so doing we again enter our protest against a large number of books on the mineral and Mosaical geologies. Their authors, confessing their dependence upon scientific research, in which they have taken no part, build up their several theories, as diverse as the tongues at Babel, though announced as confessions of faith, by a systematic denunciation of the deductions and characters of the men on whom they depend for facts. Nor is this all; for these theorists are apt to abuse each other, and some make the reception of their speculations the test of individual Christianity. If a man should believe that the earth was in existence, and "without form and void," prior to the first day of the Mosaic narrative; or, with Hugh Miller, that "the six days of the Mosaic narrative were not natural days, but lengthened periods," he must take his place with "atheistical geologists," and submit to be denounced by those who hold opposite opinions as a despiser of Revelation. The author of "Voices from the Rocks" has written a comparatively sensible and modest book, less disfigured than many others teaching the same theory, by violent attacks upon the faith of those who differ in opinion, but he cannot lay down the pen in that charity which "thinketh no evil."

"Although Geology," he says, "is confessedly yet in its infancy—although it mutters only a feeble and inarticulate language—although its professors are notoriously at variance as to its fundamental positions, yet it has ventured to set itself in opposition to the declarations of the Scripture of truth. Diverse theories concerning the past history of our globe swarm every season, and buzz like ephemera for a time, until they perish before a fresh generation of their kind. Various as these speculations are, however, they agree in one particular: they completely ignore, and set at nought, the revelation which it has pleased the Creator himself to give us, respecting 'the generations of the heavens and of the earth when they were created.' This is strange; and stranger still, Geology is believed, and Revelation is rejected; or if not positively rejected, its plainest statements are so twisted and tortured by learned critics, that they are made to harmonize with whichever theory happens to be for the nonce in most favour with geological *savants*."

There is inconsistency as well as unfairness in this accusation. The author condemns Geology because it has "set itself in opposition to the declarations of the Scripture of truth." Geology is a science of facts, and the hypotheses of geologists are rather accidental than necessary to its development. The deductions drawn from geological facts are the opinions of individuals, and for the greater part, especially for those of a theological tendency, the science is not answerable. The author of the "Vestiges of Creation" is a geologist, and so was the late Hugh Miller, but Geology cannot teach both theories—one is pure Atheism, the other is Mosaical, for even if it be heterodox, it is a hypothesis which admits the obligation of the human reason to the Divine revelation, and seeks to reconcile the scientific opinions of the author with his reading of the Mosaic narrative. Geology cannot teach at one and the same time that there is no God, and that God has given a revelation which cannot be rejected without sin. A man may be thoroughly acquainted with the chemical composition and physical condition of rocks, their superposition and organic remains, and yet his mind may be undecided as to the circumstances under which they have been produced, and the time occupied in their formation; but he is nevertheless entitled to call himself a geologist. The author is in error when he says that geologists "are notoriously at variance as to *its* fundamental principles." It is not possible that a science can have antagonistic principles. Difference of opinion may exist among a certain class of students, and the author has pointed out the class to which he refers—it is that to which he belongs. It embraces all those who avail themselves of the investigations of scientific men to support the speculations by which they propose to reconcile the testimony of the works and word of God. Such are the men who "every

season " publish "diverse theories concerning the past history of our globe," and whose speculations, according to the author, " set at nought the revelation which it has pleased the Creator himself to give us respecting 'the generations of the heavens and of the earth when they were created.'" Geology is no more to be blamed for the follies or sins of these men than the laws of society are chargeable with the crimes which they have specified and defined. We heartily wish these men would leave the science alone, for if it be "confessedly in its infancy" we have not yet the information necessary for a comparison of the works and word of God.

We need not look beyond the three books before us, to sustain the position we have taken; and we might add, to prove the uselessness of their speculations, if the influence of two out of the three were not absolutely pernicious. Presuming them to have been written by Christian men, holding the authority of the Bible to be supreme, and anxious to remove every appearance of discord between the narrative of the Creation and the deductions of scientific men, we have in the results of their serious and patient research, a distressing instance of discord in their representations of the meaning of the history, as well as in the theories by which they severally attempt to explain the geological facts. Hugh Miller who, without controversy, possessed a knowledge of Geology to which the other authors before us can lay no claim, applied his earnest mind and the force of his genius to the subject, and with high authority as a Christian and a geologist, explained his method of reconciling the testimony of the works of the Creator with the words of the lawgiver. But the position he took, and the theory he proposed, are indignantly rejected. The author of the "Voices" cannot "conceive how any honest believer in the inspiration of the first chapter of Genesis, can hold to a scheme which so plainly contradicts some of its most evident statements;" while the author of the "Atheisms" believes, "that metonymy, carried so far as it is in the 'Testimony of the Rocks,' is only calculated to destroy the credit of the Bible altogether, to justify infidelity, and to sap, even in the mind of the Christian himself, the whole foundation of his hope and trust." If from this apparent agreement in denouncing Hugh Miller's scheme of reconciliation, any hope of further unanimity between these writers should be entertained, it will be disappointed; for, except that they both believe the Mosaic day to be a period of four-and-twenty hours, the hypotheses by which they explain the formation of rocks are as opposed to each other as to the one they mutually condemn. Would that these authors had been actuated by that noble faith in the ultimate conquest

of scientific truth, and the virtue of patience, which Kepler evinced, when, in anticipation of the scepticism of his contemporaries, he said of his "Harmonies of the World,"—"It may well wait a century for a reader, as God has waited six thousand years for an observer."

It is not our intention to examine the safety of the position Hugh Miller has taken in his "Testimony of the Rocks," or to criticize his hypothesis. We will, therefore, quote one passage from which the reader may form his own opinion of both, and pass on to some remarks upon the "Atheisms of Geology."

"I occupy exactly the position now," he says, "with respect to Geology, that the mere Christian geographer would have occupied with respect to Geography in the days of those doctors of Salamanca, who deemed it unscriptural to hold with Columbus that the world is round—not flat; or exactly the position which the mere Christian astronomer would have occupied with respect to Astronomy in the days of that Francis Turretine, who deemed it unscriptural to hold with Newton and Galileo, that it is the earth which moves in the heavens, and the sun which stands still. The mere geographer or astronomer might have been wholly unable to discuss with Turretine or the doctors, the niceties of Chaldaic punctuation or the various meanings of the Hebrew verbs. But this much, notwithstanding, he would be perfectly qualified to say—However great your skill as linguists, your reading of what you term the Scriptural Geography or Scriptural Astronomy, must of necessity be a false reading, seeing that it connects Scripture to what, in my character as a geographer or astronomer, I know to be a monstrously false Geography or Astronomy. Premising, then, that I make no pretensions to even the slightest skill in philology, I remark further that it has been held by accomplished philologists, that the days of the Mosaic Creation may be regarded, without doing violence to the genius of the Hebrew language, as successive periods of great extent; and certainly, in looking at my English Bible, I find that the portion of time spoken of in the first chapter of Genesis as *six* days, is spoken of in the second chapter as *one* day. True, there are other philologists, such as the late Professor Moses Stuart, who take a different view; but then I find this same Professor Stuart striving hard to make the phraseology of Moses 'fix the antiquity of the globe;' and so, as a mere geologist, I reject this philology on exactly the same principle on which the mere geographer would reject, and be justified in rejecting, the philology of the doctors of Salamanca, or on which the mere astronomer would reject, and be justified in rejecting, the philology of Turretine and the old Franciscans. I would, in any such case, at once, and without hesitation, cut the philological knot, by determining that the philology cannot be sound which would commit the Scriptures to a science that cannot be true."

In this course of reasoning the author assumes the impossi-
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bility of accounting for geological facts without admitting the lapse of a much longer period of time than that which intervened between the commencement of human chronology and the Deluge. This opinion he attempts to prove by an appeal to the testimony of the rocks and their organic remains; and we need not say how interesting these researches are made by the simple energy and grace of his style, and the amplitude of his genius. But the theory, and the argument by which it is supported, may be as false as the book is interesting. This is the substance of the charge made by the authors of the two books we have, at the commencement of this paper, associated with the "Testimony of the Rocks," and upon them we have a few remarks to make.

The author of the "Atheisms of Geology" charges geologists with Atheism. But if Atheism be a denial of the existence of God, he has made no reasonable attempt to prove that they hold this irrational dogma, and as we cannot understand why these intelligent, philosophical, hard-working, scientific men should be more apt than other thinking minds to adopt the doctrine of chance, with its unconquerable difficulties, in preference to a rational belief in a First Cause, some proof of the fact must precede our consent to the assertion. The author's object is to undermine their theories and establish his own, and, strange to say, he seeks to accomplish his purpose by the use of arguments drawn from the Divine attribute of omnipotence. Surely the consecutive reasoning of a logician is not necessary to prove that successful argument must be based upon some acknowledged principle—some fact or assumption admitted by the disputants. No intelligent man who believes geological theories to be false, and geologists to be atheists, could, we think, attempt to disprove their scientific conclusions by arguments drawn from the omnipotence of God. We must, therefore, either believe that the title of the book before us is a misnomer, or that the author is not careful to ascertain the precise meaning of the words he employs. The latter is the most charitable conclusion we can adopt, and he has fortunately supplied, in the commencement of his essay, an illustration of his misapplication of the offensive term he has applied to geologists, and thus provided an antidote for the poison of his pen.

Many years ago our author heard a lecturer announce the following proposition: "The facts of mathematical science are abstract and unchangeable. Thus one and one added together cannot make any other number than two. It is impossible they can make any other number even with God. We are warranted in saying this without irreverence, for on the authority of St. Paul, we have it that some things are impossible with God, as, it is impossible for God to lie." Now this statement, strange

to say, the author believes to be atheistical, or, to use his own words, it "is a system of logic calculated to ignore omnipotence and to negative the existence of an Almighty God, on the misquoted authority of his own apostle." Much as we condemn the impropriety of applying deductions from moral or intellectual qualities to scientific facts, opinions, or assertions, and of comparing God's inability to sin with his inability to make an abstract mathematical truth a falsehood, we are quite unable to perceive Atheism in the denounced assertion. Far more strongly do we condemn the author's attempt to refute the lecturer by an illustration drawn from our Saviour's first miracle and the science of chemistry. His reasoning may be thus expressed: Oxygen is one element, hydrogen another, and the two, in certain proportions, make water; but of water Christ made wine, and as wine contains more than two elements the assumed miracle was a deception, or one and one do not necessarily make two. Expressed in this form the fallacy of the argument is at once perceived. The author deals with created things and creative power as if they were the same existence. Christ had before him two elements, as chemistry asserts, and by the exercise of his creative power there was an instantaneous transformation or creation, and the elements or created things were many. This miracle does not prove that in the Divine prescience one and one can be some other number than two, though Omnipotence can from two substances produce any other number of substances. Had Christ broken up the two elements of water in the miraculous production of wine, and created seven out of the two, it could not be said that one seven times repeated make two, nor could the exercise of the creative power be said to throw a doubt upon the fact that one and one make two. It may be said that God has spoken to man in the terms he is accustomed to employ; but, by way of illustration, we may remark that if such an argument as that introduced by the author could be sustained, the Bible itself would be an enigma, and some of its most encouraging and consoling promises would be as valueless as the mystical dreams of the enthusiast, or the ambiguous declaration of a heathen oracle. If when Christ said, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name there will I be in the midst of them," he did not mean the numbers so designated by men, but some number he could create out of two or three, how could we in pleading his promise anticipate the fulfilment.

We shall not discuss the question raised by the author whether the apostle meant that "the impossibility of God condescending to lie, was from choice and merit in Him, and not from the force of any superior law or necessity upon Him." But we

cannot understand why the author should so represent the omnipotence of God that it should over-shadow the essential holiness of his nature, or how our conceptions of his almighty power can be strengthened by admitting his ability to convert that which is a truth into a falsehood. "Truth," says the author, "rests on the character and choice of God alone;" but God is unchangeable, "the same yesterday, to-day and for ever;" therefore, that which was true, is true, and will be true for ever. So far then from perceiving, in the remark of the lecturer, "how deep-seated the tendency to atheistical reasoning is based in the scientific mind," we learn to distrust the judgment of the author upon questions of faith and scepticism. His error, if it does not consist in a misapplication of words, is the result of a weak perception of the essential holiness and unchangeableness of God.

From this example of the author's style of reasoning we are prepared to estimate at its true value his opposition to modern science upon the charge of atheistical tendencies. If no more serious objection can be raised, it will be acquitted of inculcating scepticism. But Geology, he says, "has taken a far more decided, culpable, and presumptuous stand against the existence and attributes of God." What that intellectual culpability may be which is of greater turpitude than the denial of the existence of God, he does not explain and we cannot divine, unless it be an acknowledgment of his being and a denial of his authority. But he ought to know that if geologists have denied the being of God, no argument founded on an acknowledgment of his attributes can influence their minds, and to discuss with them the evidence and reasonableness of a revelation from Him to man, is like reasoning to the winds, a ridiculous waste of time. Convince a wise man that there is no sun in the heavens, and he will cease to investigate the nature of its presumed emanations. But the author, though never weary of proclaiming the Atheism of geologists, treats them as reasonable men appealing to the omnipotence of God, and attempting to prove from that attribute their depravity and his jealousy for the Divine word. Upon his own statement, however, the sin of geologists consists in believing that the stratified rocks are of pre-adamic formation—in assuming that the beginning of creation was prior to the six days of the Mosaic narrative, and that at the commencement of that undefined term the earth was without form, waste or confused, and void or empty. Many geologists believe this to be the testimony of God to his own creation, confirmed by the testimony of their science. The author's reading of the Mosaic narrative does not support this view. He believes the earth to have been prepared in six days for the habitation of man, and while, upon scientific

principles, he considers this to be enough, his apprehension of the Divine omnipotence forbids the admission of a longer period. But the author's confidence in his right as an intelligent and Christian man to hold these opinions should have moderated his attacks upon others. He has, however, indulged a noisy and boisterous satisfaction in heaping opprobrious epithets upon Geology and its students, as though his zeal for Divine truth might be measured by the offensiveness of his epithets. Geologists are said to be "tall and strong in Atheism," their opinions are "infallible absurdities," and their theories are "absolutely and physically impossible." Geologists know as well as other men how little safety is to be found in a castle of enchantment, which may dissolve in a night and leave its inhabitants unsheltered to the ridicule of mankind. But so long as they believe their theories to be built on the rocks, and to be fortified by truth, the voice of friendship should be heard in the tones of argument and persuasion, and not in those of abuse and ridicule.

The argument upon which the author relies—that it is atheistical to believe the work of Creation to have occupied ages, as six days were sufficient for the Divine performance—is fatal to his own hypothesis, for to Omnipotence duration is a non-essential element in production. But reasoning upon his own premises, we soon discover the fallacy of his assertion. Did we not perceive the necessity of the education of the human mind, and of the cultivation of a sense of dependence, we could give no reason why man, whose life is so brief, compared with the term of existence possessed by some animals, and many vegetable organisms, should pass through the successive stages of infancy, childhood, and youth, before he attains the maturity of his being, and why it should be commenced and terminated in drivelling imbecility. No serious mind will dare to impugn the omnipotence of the Creator because he did not so ordain, cause, and effect, as to abridge the periods of human weakness, and secure a longer continuance of the full powers of body and mind. By what authority, then, does the author assert that when God resolved to create a world for the residence of man, "the object so directly aimed at would be as directly and immediately accomplished, after the means selected and designed for the purpose were set in operation." The argument employed to disprove the geological theory of lengthened periods in the formation of rocks, might be so used as to lead to gross impiety, for the solemn act of human redemption might be impugned, because four thousand years intervened between the ruin of man and the incarnation of the Redeemer.

We might here close our remarks upon the "Atheisms of Geology," but as the author professes to show upon scientific

principles the condition of the earth at the commencement of the Mosaic chronology, and the manner in which the whole series of stratified rocks may have been formed in sixteen hundred years, that is to say, between the creation of Adam and the Deluge, we must devote two or three pages to a review of his hypothesis, though the task is neither easy nor pleasant, for his motto should be—

“Nunc hue, nunc illuc, et utrinque sine ordine curro.”

In reference to the state of the earth, antecedent to the formation of the metamorphic rocks, our author agrees with the geologists. “The earth,” he says, “must have been at one time a molten mass, and in this condition obeyed the law or Divine command, to the supremacy of which it was introduced, and took the form of a spheroid.” But upon the question of the time when the earth was in this condition, the geologists and our author, as already stated, differ essentially, for he believes this to have been its condition on the first day of the Mosaic narrative. The cooling or refrigeration of the earth, sufficient for the formation of a hard granitic surface, is supposed to have been rapidly effected, as it was surrounded by gases waiting combination for the production of water and atmospheric air, and within eight-and-forty hours after the consolidation of a crust, volcanic vents and subaqueous formations may have been produced.

Compare with this hypothesis the statement of Hugh Miller:—

“Addison’s popular illustration, drawn from one of the calculations of Newton, made in an age when comets were believed to be solid bodies, rendered the reading public familiar, considerably more than a century ago, with the vast time which large bodies greatly heated would take in cooling. ‘According to Sir Isaac Newton’s calculation,’ said the exquisitely classical essayist, the comet that made its appearance in 1680, imbibed so much heat by its approach to the sun, that it would have been two thousand times hotter than red-hot iron had it been a globe of that metal; and that supposing it as big as the earth, and at the same distance from the sun, it would be fifty thousand years in cooling before it recovered its natural temper.’ . . . It is now ascertained from the circumstance that no dew is deposited in our summer evenings, save under a clear sky, that even a thin covering of cloud—serving as a robe to keep the earth warm—prevents the surface heat of the planet from radiating into the spaces beyond. And such a cloud, thick and continuous, as must have wrapped round the earth as with a mantle during the earlier geologic periods, must have served to retard for many ages the radiation, and consequently the reduction, of that internal heat of which it was itself a consequence.”

As the author pledges himself to prove that all the stratified rocks were formed in the first sixteen hundred years of human chronology, and as all the mountain chains upon the earth, old Ararat included, must have been elevated within the same period, the patriarchs and fathers of our race must have been witnesses of those terrific eruptions which tilted rocks, ejected the matter of dykes and veins, and shook the world to its centre, unless we are prepared to believe that the antediluvian population was located on a bare granite promontory, and providentially exempted from the operation of those natural causes which in every other portion of the globe heaped mass upon mass, and entombed the remains of all living creatures.

One might think that no theorist would demur to the proposition, that if one stratum lies upon another, the lower must have been deposited before the upper; and that if this arrangement be observed in many places, in different countries, and indeed all the world over, the chronological relations of the rocks may be fairly assumed, when their contact is not visible. Our author adopts the first part of the proposition, and denies the second. "The undeviating order of succession," he says, "does not imply an undeviating order in point of chronological existence." To give an illustration of this dogma we may suppose him to admit that when the lias underlies, and is in contact with, the inferior oolite, the former was deposited before the latter; but when the two beds are in different districts or countries, and the superposition is not seen, there is no evidence of chronological succession, and the geologist is at liberty to assume their contemporaneous origin. But we will take the author's own illustration. "The old red sandstone," he says, "is not a universal formation, and when from any cause superposition cannot be traced, chronological succession cannot be allowed, for while the old red sandstone was being accumulated in one place, the carboniferous rocks may have been produced in another, and the new red sandstone in a third." This is the hypothesis he has had the daring to promulgate as one of the means of reconciling Geology and Scripture. It is nothing to him that the old red sandstone, mountain limestone, and coal measures, give so many evidences of violent disturbance, while the horizontality of the new red sandstone as clearly demonstrates the deposition after the disturbing agent had expended itself. The defence of this fallacy upon the plea that the old red sandstone is a limited formation, and that it is unphilosophical to assume a suspension of natural agencies on one part of the earth while this rock was being produced in another, is unfair as well as untrue. The old red sandstone, we fearlessly assert, is not a more local formation than other palæozoic rocks; and

abundant evidence could be given of the extent and violence of the subterranean forces by which the earth was shaken at the commencement and close of the epoch of its production. He must be a bold theorist who talks about the old red sandstone being a local formation. We pass over the significant fact of its forming the ochils and sidlaws of Scotland, covering a large area in the south of Ireland, composing many of the lofty hills of Hereford, Monmouth, and Brecknock, spreading over large tracts of country in South Wales and Devon, and almost surrounding the coal-fields of the West. If it were confined to our own isles it might be called local; but it is the rock of the great plains of Central Europe, and is found in Siberia, Russia, Germany, and Belgium; in Southern and Central Africa; in North America; in Brazil, and on the flanks of the Himalaya Mountains.

Should we admit the author's premises, deny the sedimentary character of nearly all the stratified rocks, and reject the possibility of the long periods of physical activity imagined by geologists to have been necessary for their formation, and the revolutions which have successively affected the earth, the author is prepared to give us an explanation of the means by which the whole series above the granite may have been formed in sixteen hundred years. In illustration of his theory, he presents us with an explanation of the formation of the coal measures,—as bold an effort of generalization as could be forced by an opponent upon a theorist. The formation of coal in lakes or estuaries by the accumulation of vegetable matter floated down rivers, or by the submergence of forests and peat bogs, are theories utterly inadequate to the effect, and are contemptuously rejected. We are not much surprised at this decision, for many geologists regard them as unsatisfactory conjectures, and the author will certainly be heard with attention if he can suggest a better explanation. Lyell himself once advocated the theory of transport, but after he had “seen calamites near Pictou, in Nova Scotia, buried at various heights in sandstone, and in erect attitudes,” he adopted Brogmart’s opinion of submergence. Having once resigned a favoured hypothesis in deference to evidence, there is reason to believe he will be willing to accept any other more explanatory of the phenomena. The circumstances are, therefore, favourable to the promulgation of a new theory among the stiff-necked geologists, for there are no strong convictions or prejudices to overcome. Let us see how the author acquits himself.

The subject resolves itself into two questions—How was vegetable matter accumulated for the formation of coal, and

how were the associated beds produced? Although it has been said by an eminent geologist that the vegetable matter from twenty-five square feet of ground will produce only one pound of carbon, we have the author's assertion that a single forest of endogens would suffice for the formation of the thickest-known bed of coal. This is a bold statement, for the seams of coal are sometimes of considerable thickness: the Bodder Vawr, of South Wales, is ten feet thick; the South Vawr, thirteen feet, and the great seam of the Dudley and Wolverhampton district, is thirty feet. In reference to the time occupied in the production, he says: "The whole coal measures in growth and deposition altogether took no more than the brief span of an antediluvian life-time." This appears a too liberal allowance, considering how much was to be done in sixteen hundred years, but we think a less period could not be given. A few facts will probably bring the reader to the same conclusion. The coal measures of the Forest of Dean consist of 160 beds of various substances, of which thirty-two are coal, varying in thickness from three inches to six feet. "The thickness of the upper shales and sandstones of Dean Forest," says Sir Henry de la Beche, "is about 1,255 feet, making with 1,055 feet of the central sandstones and 455 feet of a sandstone series referable to the Farewell Rock, a total depth of 2,765 feet for the coal measures in Dean Forest, in which we have the lower shales absent." The same series in the Bristol Basin is estimated at a thickness of 6,280 feet, and is composed of 295 beds; and in some other districts, the number and thickness of the beds is still greater. But we pass on, and leave our author to explain how the coal beds with their associate strata were formed:—

"A cause peculiarly applicable to the period, and to all the earlier formations, must have frequently manifested itself in immediate and most intimate connexion with the subterranean forces we have mentioned, viz., *extensive landslips*, or slips of the soil and loose surface matter from the deep and long slopes of great and sudden upheavals to the beds, or submarine valleys, or levels at their base. Such slips, whether of forests, mosses, or pastoral vegetation, occasioned by the sudden upheaval into slopes of an expanse of country—from, it might be, fifteen to twenty miles in extent in some cases—may have hurled together upon the plains below an amount of vegetable matter, more or less regular in its equality of deposition, under the denuding and disposing power of the agitated ocean, which would account, without the slightest strain of ingenuity, for the thickest carboniferous deposits yet known. These deposits might have occurred layer above layer, as wooded, marshy, or pasture land, on either side or boundary of the bed of deposit, was successively or alternately upheaved."

This is the new theory of the coal measures, which, by its general application, is to overturn all former hypotheses, and reconcile geological phenomena with the Mosaic narrative. If we should accept this explanation, and be at any future time asked to describe the formation of the great coal-field of South Wales, we must do it in such some terms as the following: Imagine the large area—now so picturesque in its outline, so rich though apparently so unproductive—to have been once a part of the sea bed, surrounded by impenetrable woods and the richest vegetation of a more than tropical luxuriance. When the ocean in perfect serenity was reflecting the sunbeams, and a gorgeous light was playing on its shores—when the plumes of the fern tree scarcely moved in the breeze, and strange fish sought shelter in deep water, or under the shadow of a rock, from the intensity of the heat, the earth trembled, and the gentle uplands rose into frightful precipices, towering to the skies in majestic altitudes loftier than the highest peak of the Himalaya mountains. Raised to this giddy height the hanging woods and rich pastures tottered, and in one mighty mass tumbled into the ocean; and the ruin covered that large space which is now the great coal-field of South Wales. This overthrown forest is one of the seams of coal from which the miner, after the lapse of about five thousand years, is supplying fuel for your dwellings. As the theorist says, it is absurd to think that wood can sink, and that, as he believes, the largest forest in the world would produce “a miserably attenuated carboniferous deposit.” We may wonder how a clean bituminous coal of five or six feet in thickness could have been produced from such a mixture of vegetable matter, soil, and detritus, but this we are compelled to believe; and we may anxiously inquire how slip could have followed slip, covering on each occasion an area of many square miles, until vegetable matter was accumulated for some thirty or forty seams of coal in this interesting and nationally important district. There may be other difficulties in the way of belief; you may demur to the adequacy of the cause to account for the extent and uniformity of the effect; you may be unable to account for the separation of one substance from another in the short space of time allowed for the succession of catastrophes; you may not understand how thick beds of compact ironstone, rich under-clays crowded with stigmaria, and well-defined beds of sandstone could have been produced by landslips; and you may marvel how forests could have had such rapid growth upon spots bare of soil; but these objections will be quite unimportant if you are as determined as the author to believe anything in preference to the conclusions of geologists.

We cannot close these remarks without alluding to the important subject of the distribution of organic remains, for it is over them the reconciliation of God's word and works will be made. Geologists are falsely accused of saying with the atheist, "Nature is the only cause—nature was everlasting." We only guess at the meaning of the author in the magnificent sentence, "Animated nature, undelivered from the vacuous domain of pristine nonentity, awaited the great will of the Everlasting." But we perfectly understand the expression, "God created great whales, and every living thing that moveth," and we believe it; our intellect receives the fact, our faith approves it, and we rejoice to know that that God is our God, in whom we live, move, and have our being. No germ of Atheism, we hope, exists in this confession of faith. Believing in the almighty power of God, who "created heaven and earth and all that in them is," and rejecting all the folly and impiety of the Vestigians, we stand upon the same ground as our author.

But the terms of our agreement do not end here, for the author admits the main facts of science in reference to the nature and distribution of organic remains. What these facts are we shall briefly state. It is frequently difficult to ascertain by mineralogical tests to what portion of the geological series a certain rock belongs; and if no fossils are found, the investigator must, in the absence of other proofs, trust to sagacious conjecture. We might mention, as examples, many limestones of different ages so closely resembling varieties of that important mass on which the carboniferous series rests, as to be undistinguishable by composition and structure. But when a handful of fossils is extracted, the enigma is solved, and the relative position of a palæozoic or secondary rock is as correctly determined as though the inferior and over-lying beds were seen in contact. Such an identification would be impossible, if the several strata, or groups of strata, did not possess organic remains peculiar to themselves. This fact has been justly considered one of the fundamental principles of the science; and many geologists believe that even in the present imperfect state of their knowledge, it may be satisfactorily explained. There has been, they say, an increase in the number, and an elevation in the types, of organic forms from the time of the production of the lowest fossiliferous rock to the deposition of the most modern tertiary; but while new forms have been introduced into each successive bed, others have disappeared. The Silurian rocks, for example, contain the relics of numerous Trilobites of many genera, as well as species, and wherever these rocks occur, whether in Europe, Asia, or America, there

the remains of these curious crustaceans are collected,—a fact which seems to imply that they were present in all the existing seas of that period. For a time the Trilobite was the predominant form of animal life, but when the mountain limestone was deposited, the race had become diminutive in size and unimportant in number; and soon after, or during the formation of that deposit was extinct. In the lias beds are found the remains of enormous reptiles, and they were the lords of the sea or of its coasts; but their numbers rapidly decreased, and above the chalk no remains of this once powerful race are found. But it is in the study of the remains of molluscous animals we become most conscious of the constant change in the character of the fauna. In each succeeding group of rocks some new forms are discovered, and some old ones are lost. There are a few genera which have left their remains, in a greater or lesser number, in formations of all ages, and have still living representatives: the remains of the *Lingula*, for example, are abundant in the lowest fossiliferous strata, and of the same animal there are living representatives in the Indian Ocean and on the coast of Australia; but of the species found in the palæozoic and secondary strata, not one is at this moment known to be in existence. Upon this subject we may quote the remarks of Hugh Miller:—

“Every plant and animal that now lives upon earth began to be during the great tertiary periods, and had no place among the plants and animals of the great secondary division. We can trace several of our existing quadrupeds, such as the badger, the hare, the fox, the red deer, and the wild cat, up to the earlier times of the Pleistocene; and not a few of our existing shells, such as the great pecten, the edible oyster, the whelk, and the pelican’s-foot shell, up to the greatly earlier times of the coralline crag. But at certain definite lines in the deposits of the past, representative of certain points in the course of time, the existing mammals and molluscs cease to appear, and we find their places occupied by other mammals and molluscs. . . . We thus know that in certain periods, nearer or more remote, all our existing molluscs began to exist, and that they had no existence during the previous periods which were, however, richer in animals of the same great molluscan group than the present time.”

In an attempt to reconcile his theory to these facts, the author fails completely, for he depends upon the influence of climate and circumstances for the production of those specific differences, which he cannot deny, and thus comes so nearly in contact with the Lamarekian hypothesis as to be in danger of the atheistical infection with which he believes the geologist to be afflicted. He makes no attempt to explain why the helix, purpura, and many other prolific genera of molluscous animals

are not found in the secondary rocks; though supposing them to have existed at the time of the deposition of those formations, we cannot understand why animals now so abundant, in individuals as well as in species, should have escaped entombment in some of the immense accumulations of mineral matter. Nor does he give a reason why the number of genera in the pliocene tertiaries should be nearly four times more numerous than in the Silurians, and in existing seas be multiplied eightfold; nor explain how it can have happened, that during the formation of rocks, some animals of the same species should have been distributed all the world over, though now severally confined to localities by their adaptations to climate; but he does confess to the difficulty of finding some cold spot on the world before the Flood, where the progenitors of the Arctic fauna could have found shelter.

We are not among those who find no difficulty in reconciling the received facts of modern Geology with the Mosaic narrative of the Creation. We do not believe that the scientific investigation is yet sufficiently extensive to admit of that minute comparison which is necessary to establish a perfect harmony. We have lived long enough to remember the abandonment of one favourite geological hypothesis after another; the introduction of opinions which at an earlier period would have been unanimously condemned, and we may say, the reconstruction of the science. But extensive as the surveys of modern geologists have been, the necessity of investigation is still acknowledged, and many doubtful theories wait disproof or confirmation. Against such crude hypotheses as the one to which reference has been made, we, therefore, earnestly protest. The Bible is not in danger from the attack of the sciences, for if among their students there should be men, who from an antipathy to the natural freedom its public reception always ensures, to its stern morality, or to the spiritual life it reveals, seize upon assumed facts to oppose its occasional allusions to subjects of scientific investigation, the large majority of thinking men are willing to wait the development of physical truths, and the result will approve their prudence.

The author of "Voices from the Rocks" is as much opposed to the doctrine of long geological periods and the pre-adamic formation of the earth, as the author of "Atheisms," but takes a bolder and perhaps safer position by attributing all fossiliferous stratified rocks to the Deluge. He has thus avoided the necessity of excluding that limited district occupied by the antediluvian race, from the operation of those physical causes by which rocks were formed; and it is certainly less difficult—

regarding the geological series simply as an accumulation of mineral matter—to believe that stratified rocks may have been heaped together in one year by such extraordinary agencies as produced a universal deluge, than by landslips in sixteen hundred years. There is, also, some reason in the argument he employs to prove that certain subaqueous formations cannot at any period have been a part of the dry land, as they give no evidence of denudation, fluvial deposits, or alluvial soils; but he states some facts too broadly, and omits others which would greatly modify his conclusions. He altogether fails, we think, to disprove the theory of the overthrow of ancient forests, and the fossilization of vegetable productions on the localities where they grew. In discussing the age of some human remains he arrives, upon most inconclusive evidence, at the following startling result: “Here, then, we have an undeniable proof of the existence of the human race during the formation of the palæozoic rocks, thus striking at the very root of the whole system of modern Geology.” But, although we object to this and many other of his opinions, and dispute some of his assumed facts—as, for example, the presumed absence in England of belemnites found in the chalk of Ireland and France—we must give him credit for some originality in the discussion of his subject, and approve the spirit in which the book is, for the most part, written. These merits, however, do not compensate for the error of having made a comparison which, in the present state of science, places the Divine revelation in a position antagonistic to the deductions of eminent and practical men of science. The highest commendation we can give to the authors of the best books on the Mosaical Geology is due to every man who writes with a good intention.

ART. V.—A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

A Hundred Years Ago: an Historical Sketch, 1755 to 1756. By James Hutton. Longmans & Co.

THE period chosen by Mr. Hutton for review was well adapted for the creation of an interesting historic picture. The years 1755 and 1756, in themselves notable, distinguished by somewhat momentous situations and striking scenes, the actors in which were illustrious, ennobled by the oratory of Fox, the learning of Johnson, and the varied genius of Abercrombie, Watt, and Goldsmith, were signalized as the advent of events

yet more remarkable, with which names yet more memorable were associated; for the star of freedom brightened with the rising manhood of Washington, while Voltaire stimulated the march of those ideas which were developed in the unprecedented revolution of France. In the clear, suggestive narrative of public affairs, contained in Mr. Hutton's retrospective pages, we follow with interest the movements of the day, watching the course of diplomacy in ministerial measures, and the aims of crown policy in court expedients, while in the abundant illustrations, anecdotes, and descriptive passages of the volume, we obtain insight into the transactions, habits, and manners of our forefathers a century ago, seeing how public opinion was then moulded, how armies were equipped, what was the literature and art of our ancestors, and what, in fact, were the infinitely diverse aspects, political and social, of the great commonwealth in that age.

The record is intrinsically attractive; but, in addition, it is especially interesting to trace the numerous analogies between the era and our own, and following the parallels to perceive, despite widely differing conditions and relations, the strength of those affinities which make the "whole world"—of whatever epoch—"kin." If, in many instances, the force of these comparisons is humiliating, the numerous contrasts in our favour also presented, offer reason for congratulation as criterions of progress very edifying and encouraging to mark.

It is no slight commendation of Mr. Hutton's acceptable volume to say that it has fully realized its author's object in the writing, affording us a graphic conception of the period, and forming a test book, by which to estimate subsequent improvement. Written earnestly in an honest spirit, it is amusing throughout, is interspersed with much noteworthy matter, and is marked at intervals by a healthful vein of satire, not without charm to those who sympathize with Mr. Hutton's sentiments.

The circumstances of our ancestors in 1755 were somewhat critical. Exposed to the risk of war with the most important of military opponents, they had the misfortune at the same time of owing allegiance to a paternal sovereign, whose chief care at the juncture was the protection of his beloved native electorate of Hanover. The most important post of the ministry was occupied by one, the weakness, timidity, and irresolution of whose character would seem disastrous at such a crisis. Truly, it needed the eloquent championship of Pitt and the heroism of Howe to maintain the interests and honour of England. The question of dispute with France, which then

threatened to "cry havoc!" was that respecting the boundaries of Acadia, or Nova Scotia. Both nations claimed, by right of treaty, this sterile tract, which would probably have remained unheeded as hitherto, had not the aggression of the French settlers, inciting their local government to take possession, stimulated the English to resistance. "And so," says Mr. Hutton, "two courts, equally ignorant of the science of government, and incompetent to rule the people already under their sway, were only anxious to add to their existing embarrassments, by seizing upon a tract of land of no immediate use to either, and to which neither was justly entitled."

Whatever was the inward determination of the British nation to maintain its rights of preservation, the influences of diplomacy long deferred its open declaration, notwithstanding the fact that all possible preparations were made for the equipment of powerful armaments. Bounties were offered to volunteers, the press-gang was established, and even the gaols were ransacked for recruits. Nevertheless, a whole year passed without any open avowal of hostilities. The occasion is too tempting to escape Mr. Hutton's irony. He says:—

"As it frequently happens in this great constitutional country, the English ministry was at this crisis more intent on maintaining itself in office than on conducting the affairs of the state with wisdom and vigour. There were then only two political parties—the Ins and the Outs. The Ins strove to stay in and keep the Outs out—the Outs strove to get in and turn the Ins out. This was held to be the grand problem of government in those days. If the nation was thought of at all, it was merely as the groundwork on which rested the king and his ministers. Occasionally, indeed, the opposition talked of a mythical assembly of individuals, under the title of 'the people of England, sir.' But while they affected much sympathy and respect for the *profanum vulgus*, they carefully stood aloof from them."—P. 10.

The financial condition of the country at the crisis was regarded gloomily, and the weight of taxation bitterly complained of, though the national debt was but seventy-two millions, and the expenditure eight millions. Parliamentary grants were at that date comparatively meagre. To meet the exigencies of the government, therefore, state lotteries were resorted to. As it was desired to raise the sum of one million, it was ordered a hundred thousand should be set apart for prizes, and the remaining nine hundred thousand charged on the produce of the sinking fund at the rate of three per cent. per annum. The value of a ticket was originally ten pounds; but these, in order to render them generally available, were subdivided into shares of one-fourth, or one-eighth. Speculators were

not wanting, for so great was the eagerness of candidates to invest, that counters were broken down, and several persons were injured in the haste of application to secure a chance. During the activity of this expedient, the imposing warlike preparations of the French at Brest gave rise to a panic in men's minds, from the persuasion that an invasion of our island was threatened. This did not interfere, however, with King George's intention to repair to Hanover, though his faithful subjects bitterly protested against the abandonment. Yet not a single member was found in the House amidst that "king-worshipping assembly," to second Lord Powlett's protest against his Majesty's departure. The motion was withdrawn after a tedious speech, the notes of which having been lost by their author, an advertisement to recover them appeared in the journals, suggesting the remark,—“My Lord Powlett has had a stroke of apoplexy; he has lost both his speech and motion.” But neither complaints nor speeches could overcome the *maladie du pays* in the breast of the royal George, who, taking post-chaise, arrived, after a journey of eleven hours, at Harwich—a point of embarkation to which an iron route now wafts us in three!

If the ministry showed indecision, not so the English people, whose enthusiasm for war was unbounded. Companies, magistrates, and private individuals vied in offering rewards to volunteers. One wealthy enthusiast tendered his entire property, with a slight reservation, towards the prosecution of the war; and a patriotic citizen, of humbler rank, proffered the half of his fortune for the same purpose. Money, arms, and ammunition were not wanting, in addition to which, by way of fanning the popular flame, an inundation of bombastic doggerel appeared, which periodicals of any century might blush to own. In the disposition of the popular mind at this juncture, as described by a press writer of the period, Mr. Hutton finds an analogy with a recent national enthusiasm:—

“All the polite world are now hurrying to see mock fights, and be regaled on board the ‘Admiral.’ . . . Every farm-house swarms with politicians, who lay their heads together for the good of the nation; and at every petty chandler's shop in town, while the half-quarterns of tea are weighed out, the balance of Europe is adjusted.”—P. 37.

Public ardour rejoiced in the news of the successful engagement off Newfoundland, of the gallant and chivalric Howe, who, before opening the murderous broadside, generously warned a number of land officers crowding the deck, of their peril, giving them time to retire before the engagement, which

was sharp and fierce, took place. In a letter from an English officer it was stated, "that, M. le Comodore himself, when brought prisoner on board the 'Dunkirk,' told our brave Captain Howe that 'he was cruel to engage so very close.'"

Though good fortune attended the land operations at the commencement of the campaign, a terrible reverse was in store, in the issue of the expedition under Braddock against Fort Duquesne; the chief fault was chargeable to ministers at home, rather than to the impetuosity and egotism of the general. Braddock's troops disembarked at the least available point; an unnecessary expenditure of £40,000 was thus incurred, involving, moreover, a disastrous delay of six weeks. Neither provisions nor means of transport were attainable. A hundred and fifty waggons, and three hundred horses, with ample supplies, had been promised, but after a long interval, only fifteen waggons and one hundred horses made their appearance, and the provisions were by that time so putrid as to be useless. The benevolence of the philosopher Franklin was of great assistance in the emergency. Five hundred pounds' worth of provisions and wine were sent by him from Philadelphia. But it could not ward off the disastrous results, which, owing in a great measure to administrative incapacity, were met by the English people with murmurs of suppressed indignation; for the legitimate channel of protestation was not then opened up—the press was comparatively subordinate.

During this chequered fortune of war, while his generals conquered and his subjects fought and suffered, what occupied his Majesty in Hanover? How to secure allies for the protection of his native dominions engrossed his entire consideration. For some years he had paid subsidies of £32,000 and £20,000 to Saxony and Bavaria. But the Elector of the former state had become the ally of France. King George turned to the sheltering power of Hesse Cassel, and the ignoble Hessian treaty was signed. But these petty dealings did not end here. The King, ignorant of the policy of Russia, whose Czarina was at this time actively engaged in machinations with Vienna and Versailles, entered into stipulations with the cabinet of St. Petersburg, and arrangements for mutual service were agreed upon. The news of these treaties naturally incited wrath in the hearts of all true-born Britons. The fury of Pitt was unbounded, and Legge, Chancellor of the Exchequer, actually refused to sign the Treasury warrants, necessary to satisfy the convention with Russia. Yet adulation awaited the English monarch from the less enlightened of his subjects; and a garret laureate was not wanting to invoke the "greatest, best of kings," in a burlesque of an ode

in which servility borders on the profane ; the monarch likened to the "sun," and his subject to a Persian who kneeling worships him !

On the opening of Parliament, by the King in person, the subject of the treaties was discussed variously and with an unprecedented warmth and power of eloquence. On one of these occasions it was that William Gerald Hamilton delivered his celebrated "speech," of which it is said : "His voice, manner, and language were most advantageous ; his argument sound and pointed, and his command of himself easy and undaunted." But it is a popular error, observes Mr. Hutton, to suppose that this was his only speech, or, indeed, his only good speech. He had already spoken twice on Irish affairs, and, in 1756, had debated with vigour and ability on the subject of sending Swiss troops to America. Philip Stanhope, son of Chesterfield, at this time made his first speech, which, though of average merit, was destined to be his last, owing to an unconquerable nervousness. Henry Legge, too, spoke with great applause ; but above all the brilliant bursts of oratory rose the matchless eloquence of Pitt. The observations of Walpole regarding the personal appearance of the three chief orators of the day, quoted in this volume, are interesting. He remarks, that—

"Pitt's figure was commanding ; Murray's engaging, from a decent openness ; Fox's dark and troubled—yet the latter was the only agreeable man ; Pitt could not unbend ; Murray, in private, was inelegant ; Fox was cheerful, social, and communicative. In conversation none of them had wit ; Murray never had ; Fox had in his speeches, from clearness of head, and asperity of argument ; Pitt's wit was genuine, not tortured into the service like the quaintness of my Lord Chesterfield. Such is the portraiture of the men whose eloquence," said the same authority, "comprehended all the various powers of art, reasoning, satire, learning, persuasion, wit, business, spirit, and plain common-sense."

It is interesting to note the conviction expressed by Pitt as to the maintenance of our troops,—“That the standing army should never be less than 18,000 men, based upon a militia at least 50,000 strong.”

In the month of March the Parliament received a message from the king, declaring his conviction that a design had been formed by the French to descend upon England ; and his resolve, consequently, to augment the land and sea forces ; with the intelligence, that, in order to complete these defensive measures, he had applied for a body of Hessian troops to be immediately brought over for the protection of his kingdom.

"It is painful and humiliating to write," says Mr. Hutton, "that the Peers and Commons of England assembled in Parliament, tendered their humble and hearty thanks to his majesty for hiring 8,000 German mercenaries to protect 8,000,000 of bold, free, and independent Britons. Their total force consisted of 8,000 foot, 900 horse, and a train of 114 pieces of artillery."

"It is related of General Isenburgh (the officer of one of these foreign regiments), that never having before beheld the ebb and flow of the tide, he was alarmed at finding his ship gradually leaning over to one side; and summoning his master of the horse, he rated him soundly for upsetting the vessel while landing his animals."—Pp. 97.

Fox, or according to some, Lord George Sackville, not content with the Hessian auxiliaries, petitioned for a body of Hanoverians, and the motion was, indeed, finally carried, though encountering violent opposition from Pitt. These troops speedily arrived; but their service was at some cost to the country, as their pay and expenses were entirely defrayed by the British government; whereas when British soldiers were sent to Hanover, the revenues of the Electorate did not meet their expenditure.

An anecdote, in connexion with these Hanoverians, exhibits strikingly the ill-favour with which public opinion regarded them in this country. One of the soldiers having unintentionally brought away from a shop a piece containing six handkerchiefs when he had paid for only four, was, for this supposed offence, summarily thrown into prison. His commander having applied to the secretary of state for his release, it was granted; when a wail of complaint arose from the people that these military had been brought over to deprive them of their liberty and their property:—

"This vulgar and senseless clamour so terrified the imbecile premier that he sent down orders to inflict three hundred lashes on the poor fellow, without even the form of a trial. At a later period of the year the Hessians were compelled to construct huts, large enough to hold sixty men each, with a fire in the centre, because the innkeepers refused to give them quarters, when it was discovered that the magistrates had no power to compel them to do so. Pleasant reminiscences, indeed, must these brave foreigners have carried back to their own country, of English gratitude and hospitality."—Pp. 100.

An illustration occurs, irresistible in its application to the military "system," in other times than 1755. The gallant Major Cunningham, having skilfully conducted the defence against the French at Minorca, was placed for a time in the room of his disabled senior officer; but, instead of the continu-

ance of so prudent an appointment, "a decrepit old gentleman was sent out who was busily engaged throughout the siege in nursing a gouty toe."

Notwithstanding incapacity of administration, any suspicion of cowardice on the part of commanders met with uncontrollable indignation from the populace, shown in the unjustifiable clamour raised against the unfortunate Byng, whose doom was omened by the doggrel, squibs, effigy-burning, hue-and-cry, and unmeaning insults in derision of him, degrading to the people who bestowed it, which preceded his arrival in England, where, not long after, he was ruthlessly sentenced to a fate which he met with the fortitude of a hero: "*Dans ce pays-ci il est bon de tuer de temps en temps un Amiral pour encourager les autres!*"—said Voltaire.

Information as to the miscellaneous events of the era occupies one-half of Mr. Hutton's volume, containing a multiplicity of facts interesting to note. Then it was that the petition for building Blackfriars Bridge was granted, and directions given for the clearing away of shops and houses which obstructed the roadway at London Bridge. The present East India House was erected, the first stone of Middlesex Hospital laid, and Fonthill Abbey, the luxurious abode of the author of "Vathek," was destroyed by fire. The noble organ, in his possession, alone was valued at £5,000, and the entire loss of property was estimated at £30,000. Then, too, a lawsuit was pending against the Princess Emily, who had the amiable intention of closing Richmond Park to the public; but owing to the persuasions of the Attorney-General, consented that ladders should be placed against the walls, that people might scale them if they pleased! The populace, however, at length triumphed, and turned the tables, by causing the Princess, in her annoyance, to abandon the green sward and slopes of Richmond altogether. It was on the occasion of her mother desiring to close the park of St. James, and consulting Sir Robert Walpole as to the probable cost, that he replied, "Only a crown, madam." The Portuguese, meanwhile, were awe-stricken by the calamity of the memorable earthquake of 1755, attributed by bigotry to the presence of so many English in the country. The Marquis of Plumartin, indulging the privileges of the *noblesse* under the monarchy, horrified all France by the commission of his execrable crimes:—

"Neither man nor woman durst appear in his neighbourhood. Having one day lost a cause in one of the king's courts, he caused the usher and his man, who came to intimate the sentence to him, to be burnt alive. Some days after, having drawn six of his creditors into his castle, where he had shut himself up with several of his crew,

he ordered some of his people to drag them into a pond, tied to the tails of horses, and afterwards fastened them to a stake near a great fire, where three expired, and the other three died a few days after."—P. 148.

This monster was fortunately at length captured in his stronghold by three hundred of the king's regiment, when he was put in irons, and carried to Poitiers for his trial.

Chapters tenth and eleventh are devoted by Mr. Hutton to a consideration of the authors, the artists, and the literature of the period, in which we have glimpses, more or less entertaining, of the mature lives of Goethe, Edmund Burke, West, Gainsborough, Madame Dacier, and Mademoiselle Clairon; while Siddons, Flaxman, Crabbe, Chatterton, Volney, and Godwin were yet children. We read some biographical fragments of Johnson, who, with "his intellect in the full pride of strength," was, nevertheless, galled by the behaviour of Chesterfield, to whom his Dictionary was originally dedicated. We mark the ardour with which Gibbon devoted himself to study at the close of the year 1755. Entries in his Journal tell us how, in the space of eight months, he had learnt the principles of drawing, mastered the French and Latin languages, studied Greek, De Cronaza's Logic, and read the works of Cicero, Terence, and Pliny. Oliver Goldsmith was pursuing his erratic course. Having spent to the last sovereign in buying tulips for his uncle, the money destined for his travels, he found himself necessitated to set forth on his route with one spare shirt, a guinea, and his flute. His musical ability stood him in good stead among the simple peasants of Flanders. But in the Italian States his music was in less request, and he had recourse to another expedient, by which to earn a few shillings or their equivalent. In the foreign universities it was the practice to give out, on certain days, philosophic theses maintained against adventitious disputants, the one who succeeded claiming in return a gratuity in money, a dinner, or a bed for one night. Goldsmith often earned his repose in this way. After awhile, constrained to look homewards, he walked back throughout the entire of France. But his arrival on English soil did not put an end to his hardships:—

"It makes one's blood curdle to read of the disappointments endured by this exquisite genius,—of the struggles to obtain a crust of bread borne by one of the most fascinating writers this country ever produced."—P. 195.

Some startling facts are transmitted in Mr. Hutton's sketch of social history. The terrors of the press-gang were at that period in full force, and nothing could exceed the inhumanity some-

times practised under this system. On one occasion, when a party were giving chase to a sailor who had nearly escaped his pursuers, a bull-dog was loosed at him, the animal quickly overtaking him, and tearing the calf of one of the man's legs completely off. One pressed into the service offered forty guineas as a bribe to obtain his release. Suicides even were common to escape the detested service, which "implied companionship with thieves and ruffians, the officers of these either incompetent young men promoted through interest, or brutal, tyrannical seamen who had risen from the lowest grade."

Footpads and highwaymen were frequent characters. So great was the insecurity of the suburbs that patrols were instituted at Kentish Town; and at Islington, merchants and men of business were accustomed on their way home from the City to congregate at the "Angel" in order to form a caravan—their only chance of safety. Child-stealing and the torture of children for the sake of gain were common. Four children were discovered in the den of one monster quite blind from the application of heated brass plates to the eyes in order to send them out as pitiable objects of charity. Intemperance had much to do with these crimes, for in certain localities every seventh house was a gin-shop. The severity of the laws was extreme. Four boys were hanged for stealing a purse containing two shillings and a halfpenny. Half-a-dozen people were often sentenced to death at a single sessions. The pillory was a method of punishment awarded to a variety of offences. One woman was placed in it three times for the crime of fortune-telling!

Frivolity flourished in social circles, supported equally by the men and the women of the time. "The beau of those times was—a thing; and a very absurd thing to boot. His actions and manners were all for the sake of effect,—all regulated by some imaginary standard of fashion; there was nothing genuine about him. His movements were mechanical, and he could give no reason why he should do one thing rather than another. All that was expected of him was to drink deep, swear lustily, ride well, use an eye-glass—it was also then fashionable to be purblind and wear a pane of glass in one's eye—and to be able to shoe his own horse. It was likewise 'quite the thing,' to affect deafness, and to lisp." On the toilette of the beau figured *eau de luce*, smelling salts, perfumed pomades, colouring for the lips, almond pastes, powder, and the indispensable small ivory comb for the eyebrows.

Masquerades and ridottos were considered dull without the gambling table; to such an extent did this vice prevail, and "lordlings might be heard running their grandmothers against each other, that is, betting sums on the longest liver." Women

of that period find their characteristics in the following passage :—

“Their employments and pastimes were equally frivolous and without meaning, except to distract their attention from the true end and object of life. In all the novels of the day they are described, even the best of them, as mawkish, insipid creatures, without ideas or individuality.”—P. 283.

The favourite amusement was in purchasing a variety of baubles, in the practice of which, together with visits to Vauxhall or Ranelagh, or card-parties, their whole time was consumed, if we except the hours devoted to the study of dress. Cardinales, short sacks, and *negligées*, Paris importations, “not the mere loose wrapper, as its name would import, but a costly and highly wrought garment,” of white damask or silver brocade, were then the *furor* of fashion. “The hoop, of oval form, measured from end to end, about twice the height of the wearer, and was admirably adapted to display considerably more than the foot and ankle.” Hats were much worn having the flaps turned perpendicularly both before and behind, with waving pendants of ribbon from the brim. The hideous fashion of hair-dressing then in vogue converted the appearance of a lady’s head into that of a sugar-loaf,—a style so elaborate that, to render it still more odious, one dressing was supposed to serve for days, or even for weeks. Paint was generally used ; the less ambitious painting in size or oil, but the *haut ton* in a superfine stucco or plaster of Paris, which did not require daily renewal.

Mr. Hutton’s entertaining retrospect of “A Hundred Years Ago,” convinces us of our good fortune in looking forward to a New Year’s-day which will not introduce us into the year 1755.

Quarterly Review of French Literature.

THE close of the year, in accumulating upon our desk the indices and tables of contents of various journals, reminds us that we have never yet even attempted to lay before our readers a summary statement of French periodical literature. And yet this department forms no mean branch in the intellectual riches of modern nations ; it contributes largely to the progress of letters, and affords plenty of scope for the industry of those writers who, although they decline committing themselves to the perpetration of an octavo or a quarto, will find leisure enough to compose a disquisition or indite an essay.

The present abstract will, therefore, be a Review of Reviews ; and,

to begin at the right end, we shall, in the first place, take up the time-honoured *Journal des Savants*.¹ It is well known that this periodical is the organ of the French Institute, and that some of the most valuable contributions to the history of science and literature originally appeared in its pages. To quote only one instance, the famous volume of M. Cousin "Sur la Nécessité d'une Nouvelle Edition des Pensées de Pascal," a volume to which we owe M. Faugère's beautiful edition of the great Jansenist metaphysician, is nothing else but a series of papers written for the *Journal des Savants* during the course of the year 1842. Besides the champion of modern Eclecticism, the *collaborateurs* of the journal are now MM. Biot, Chevreul, Flourens, Villemain, Patin, Magnin, Mignet, Hase, Vitet, Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, Littré; and no publication containing articles by these authors should be neglected in a *résumé* of French intellectual doings. The *cahiers* for the current year are equal to any of their forerunners, and superior to some. We have noticed more especially a series of disquisitions in which M. Mignet, under the pretence of reviewing M. Jules Bonnet's edition of Calvin's correspondence, has given of the great Reformer, a biography shortly to be reprinted, we trust, in a more available form for the benefit of the majority of readers.² M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire's critique on the "Voyages des Pèlerins Bouddhistes," by M. Stanislas Julien, is also extremely interesting.³ If the *Journal des Savants* may be considered as representing the five classes of the Institute, there are also to be noticed in connexion with the same learned body publications of a more special character. The *Comptes-rendus de l'Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques* form one of these.⁴ Within a smaller circle, this clever bulletin embraces, however, a sufficient variety of topics to render it free from the charge of monotony or dullness. We shall mention a memoir by M. Frank, on M. Munk's "Mélanges de Philosophie Juive et Arabe," both on account of the merit of the memoir itself, and also because M. Munk's *mélanges* contain an important work, the "Fons Vitæ" of the Arab philosopher, Avicbron. The name of this metaphysician was very popular in the Middle Ages, especially about the thirteenth century; he had composed a book on psychology; and the influence of his doctrine, known through some fragments quoted by Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas, and William of Auvergne, might be traced in the errors of Amalric of Chartres, and David de Dinanto. But who was that Avicbron? When did he live? From what source did he himself borrow his philosophical creed? Such are the different points which M. Munk has now enabled us to answer definitely, in consequence of two singular discoveries made by him amongst the MSS. of the Imperial library, in Paris. One of these texts, entitled "Mekor'hayym," is an abridged translation in Hebrew of the "Fons Vitæ," written during the thir-

¹ *Journal des Savants*, 1857. Paris: Imprimerie Impériale. 4to.

² Numbers for February, March, July, August.

³ Numbers for June, July, September.

⁴ *Séances et Travaux de l'Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques Comptes-rendu*. Par M. Vergé. 8vo. Paris: Durand.

teenth century, by a Jewish philosopher named Schem-Tob Ibn-Falaquera. The other is a later version of the same treatise. By comparing these two documents with one another, M. Munk has found it possible in a certain manner to restore, with a few trifling exceptions, the whole work of Avicebron, and also to arrive at a few biographical conclusions which, imperfect as they still are, must appear satisfactory compared with what we actually knew up to the present time. The real name of Avicebron was Salomon Ibn-Gebirol; he was a Spanish Rabbi of the eleventh century, and seems to have been brought up at Saragossa. As for his doctrines, the best way in which we can state them is, by borrowing the following extract from the report contributed to the *Comptes-rendus*, by M. Frank: "On peut ramener à trois les principaux éléments de sa doctrine. Le premier, c'est la théorie de la forme et de la matière, théorie toute péripatéticienne à l'origine, mais que Plotin, en la prenant à Aristote, a déjà singulièrement détournée de son caractère primitif, et qu'Avicebron, c'est-à-dire Ibn-Gébirol, en détourne encore davantage en la prenant à Plotin. Le second, c'est la conception Orientale ou plutôt Alexandrine de l'émanation, renfermée avec soin dans les limites de l'univers. Enfin le dernier, qui forme la partie la plus originale de ce livre, c'est la tentative faite par l'auteur pour placer au-dessus d'une physique toute panthéiste, une volonté intelligente et toute puissante, un Dieu libre et personnel, en empêchant pour ainsi dire le courant fatal des émanations de monter jusqu'à l'essence divine."⁵

The above quotation will suffice to show the importance of M. Munk's discovery; and yet the "*Fons Vitæ*" of Rabbi Ibn-Gebirol must necessarily address itself only to a limited number of readers, whilst the majority will turn to more popular subjects, and feel satisfied with fresh inquiries into the metaphysical systems of Greece and Rome. True students will peruse with interest M. Chauvet's curious memoir on Galen's critique of the doctrines of Hippocrates and Plato,⁶ and a fragment by M. Adolphe Garnier, on the history of ethical science in Greece. An accurate examination of Xenophon's works has led M. Garnier to see in the Athenian general one of the most practical of the disciples of Socrates, and one of the earliest writers on the science of political economy, which is generally thought to be of strictly modern growth. Xenophon denounces, for instance, in the strongest terms, the old custom of burying in the ground large sums of gold and silver, thus allowing them to remain unproductive. He likewise explains and illustrates by examples the advantages derived from the subdivision of labour. It is rather curious to find Xenophon, an Athenian and a republican, expatiating on the merits of the Persian monarchy, and becoming almost the tutor of modern kings. "Cyrus," says M. Garnier, "strikes us as the precursor of Louis XIV., and Xenophon as his *maître des cérémonies*." The work of Galen, analyzed and examined by M. Chauvet in the *Bulletin de l'Académie*, is a most valuable con-

⁵ *Comptes-rendus des Séances*: Oct. 1857, p. 45.

⁶ *Comptes-rendus*: June—September.

tribution to the history of moral philosophy. Its great merit consists in stating very clearly the opinion of the Stoics in general, and more particularly of Chrysippus, on the faculties of the soul, and their place in the constitution of man. In support of his assertions on this subject, Galen has given us several fragments from the works of Chrysippus; M. Chauvet puts together these fragments, as well as other indications supplied by Cicero and Diogenes Laertius; the result of his industry being a tolerably complete view of the doctrines held by a school of which so few written monuments have been preserved.

M. Hachette's *Revue de l'Instruction Publique*⁷ keeps us still within the limits of theological and critical studies. Amongst many profound and well-written articles contributed to that paper during the year now coming to a close, we may name a *Compte-rendu* of M. Briere de Boismont's "Du Suicide et de la Folie Suicide considérés dans leur rapport avec la Statistique, la Médecine, et la Philosophie." This book is highly interesting, and contains a number of statistical documents of real value. In examining it in the *Revue de l'Instruction Publique*,⁸ M. Bersot has offered a few sensible and apposite remarks on the fact that suicides become more frequent as civilization progresses. This development arises from the new wants, the new feelings, which an advanced state of civilization creates in us. Our activity is increased, our imagination and our sensibility are over-excited, life assumes a kind of feverish, abnormal shape, and consequently, if principle is wanting whenever misfortunes or disappointments occur, the idea of self-destruction naturally steps in also.

Another *Compte-rendu* which we must not forget to mention is that of Le Dieu's memoirs of Bossuet.⁹ This French Boswell was for twenty years the private secretary of the illustrious prelate, and he had therefore many opportunities of knowing his labours and struggles. The journal begins only in the seventy-second year of the prelate's life, but it is full of the minutest details, and shows the difficult part Bossuet had to perform in maintaining the dignity of the Gallican Church, preventing the Jesuits from carrying out their insidious plans, checking the Jansenists, and endeavouring to stem the corruption which towards the end of the reign of Louis XIV. was acquiring such frightful proportions. Le Dieu's journal leaves a melancholy impression on the mind of the reader; we see that all parties wanted to make use of Bossuet's name for the purpose of sanctioning their intrigues and procuring the publication of a doubtful book; the bishop's bedside was actually hemmed in by petitioners and enemies earnestly watching for the fatal moment when the death of a great man would allow them with impunity to asperse his character, and to quarrel for his spoils. These various points have been correctly explained by M. Aubert in the *Revue de l'Instruction Publique*. The only fault we have to find with this gentleman is for his severe and almost unjust remarks on the notes and preface of the

⁷ *Revue de l'Instruction Publique de la Littérature et des Sciences en France et dans les Pays Etrangers.*

⁸ April 16.

⁹ July 19.

Abbé Guettée. Le Dieu's learned editor may perhaps have yielded too much to the temptation of claiming Bossuet on behalf of Jansenism; but this in no way affects the merit of an introduction which, as a manifesto of the modern Gallican party, deserves to be attentively studied.

The year 1857 will not have been barren in works of a serious and useful character. M. Bouillet's "Plotinus"¹⁰ is a monument worthy of taking its place side by side with M. Cousin's "Visions of Plato," and M. Barthelemy Saint-Hilaire's translation of Aristotle. The *Revue de l'Instruction Publique* has likewise devoted to M. Jules Simon several articles¹¹ in which his position as a philosopher is clearly and impartially defined. The publication of the three volumes respectively entitled "Le Devoir," "La Religion Naturelle," and "La Liberté de Conscience," could not but create an intense excitement in the Ultramontanist camp. Men like Veuillot, Guéranger, and Aubineau, prefer having to defend themselves against the attacks of exaggerated writers such as M. Lanfrey; then they are almost sure of success, and they can at all events find in the works of their opponents a sufficient plea to justify on their own side any amount of abuse and personality; but the difficulty for these scribblers is to deal with a thinker who, like M. Simon, is always grave, dignified, serious, and who will not prostitute his talent to the low uses of party spirit. The controversy which his publications have given rise to proves conclusively that the ultra-clerical faction in France has not yet learnt a lesson of moderation, and therefore we rejoice the more in seeing the dignified and courteous strictures made by M. l'Abbé Maret on M. Simon in his lectures on divinity delivered at the Sorbonne. M. Maret of course endeavours to diminish the claims of reason and to invalidate the position of natural religion; but he does so with much moderation, and whilst availing himself fully of his rights as a critic, he never for a moment loses sight of the character of his antagonist. Referring our reader to the *Revue de l'Instruction Publique* for an account¹² of M. l'Abbé Maret's lecture, we must bring this summary of French periodical literature to a close, with a few observations on the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the *Revue Contemporaine*, and the *Revue Chrétienne*. The first-named of these three journals, under the editorship of M. Buloz, still maintains its old superiority; all the articles admitted are of great merit, but it seldom touches on subjects of a theological nature, and therefore scarcely comes within the limit of our *résumé*. Organ of the Government, and supported mainly by contributions from head-quarters, the *Revue Contemporaine* is on the contrary very often taken up with papers on either metaphysics or religion, some of them treated in a masterly manner. M. Caro, lately professor at the Faculté des Lettres of Douai, and recently appointed to the philosophical lectureship at the Ecole Normale of Paris, is the author of almost all these disquisitions. He is a man of deep religious feeling, of sound learning, and writes with much power. The *Revue Chrétienne*, after an experience of four

¹⁰ Rev. de l'Instr. Pub., Oct. 1.

¹¹ Sept. 24; Nov. 26.

¹² Feb. 19.

years, has taken its place amongst the best organs of the French periodical press. It is *the* Protestant literary journal, and in its discussions of the men and topics of the day, it combines great ability and earnestness of purpose. The articles of M. R. Saint-Hilaire, on Protestantism in Spain, of M. Goy on Lamennais, and of M. Bersier on Bossuet, are excellent specimens of the talent displayed in the *Revue Chrétienne*.

Another way of estimating the intellectual progress of France, is to notice the encouragement afforded to literature, science, &c., by learned bodies, which have, such as the Institute, funds at their disposal for public prizes and other rewards. The following tabular statement, compiled from authentic sources, will, therefore, prove interesting, and appropriately complete our quarterly summary of French literature during the year 1857:—

PRIZES OFFERED FOR COMPETITION BY THE "ACADÉMIE DES SCIENCES MORALES ET POLITIQUES."

Subjects of the Prizes.	Value of the Prizes.		Founders of the Prizes.	Dates at which the Essays, &c., are or were to be sent.
	Fr.	£		
On the character and influence of the philosophy of Leibnitz	1,500	= 60	The Academy.....	April 1, 1859.
On the history and progress of the Working Classes since 1789	1,500	„ 60	The Academy.....	Oct. 31, 1857.
Determine the connexion between Ethics and Political Economy.....	1,500	„ 60	The Academy.....	Dec. 31, 1856.
On the origin, variations, and progress of Maritime Law	1,500	„ 60	The Academy.....	Nov. 30, 1856.
On the causes which have produced the agglomerations of Population ...	1,500	„ 60	The Academy.....	Oct. 31, 1857.
On the fluctuation of raw and farming produce in Agriculture	1,500	„ 60	The Academy.....	Dec. 31, 1856.
On the results of the recent and sudden increase of Precious Metals	1,500	„ 60	The Academy.....	Oct. 31, 1857.
On the causes and effects of Emigration during the nineteenth century...	1,500	„ 60	The Academy.....	Aug. 1, 1857.
On the various forms and conditions of Military Service in France since the origin of the monarchy	1,500	„ 60	The Academy.....	Dec. 31, 1858.
On the condition of the Working Classes in France, between the twelfth century and the revolution of 1789	1,500	„ 60	The Academy.....	Oct. 31, 1856.
Determine the political character of the French Parliaments, between the reign of Philip the Fair and the revolution of 1789	1,500	„ 60	The Academy.....	Dec. 31, 1857.
On Taxation before and since 1789	1,500	„ 60	The Academy.....	Nov. 1, 1858.
On Institutions of Credit	5,000	„ 200	M. Felix de Beaujour	Dec. 31, 1858.
On Pauperism in France, and its remedies	2,500	„ 100	M. de Morogues.....	Dec. 31, 1856.
Ditto ditto ditto.....	2,500	„ 100	M. de Morogues.....	Dec. 31, 1857.
The Science of the Beautiful, its principles and the systems to which it has given rise	2,500	„ 100	M. Bordin	Dec. 31, 1858.
The principles of Ethical Science	2,500	„ 100	The Academy.....	Oct. 1, 1857.
The influence of ancient and modern Penal Laws compared	2,500	„ 100	The Academy.....	Oct. 1, 1858.
The life and character of Turgot.....	3,000	„ 120	M. Léon Faucher.....	Jan. 1, 1859.
To the author or person who shall have most contributed to the progress of Primary Instruction.....	1,500	„ 60	M. Edmond Halphen	Dec. 31, 1859.
	40,000	„ 1,620		

PRIZES OFFERED FOR COMPETITION BY THE "ACADEMIE FRANCAISE."

Subjects of the Prizes.	Value of the Prizes.		Founders of the Prizes.	Dates at which the Essays, &c., are or were to be sent.
	Fr.	£		
The Crimean War (a poem)	2,000	= 80	The Academy	Mar. 15, 1858.
The "Eloge" of the poet Regnard	2,000	„ 80	The Academy	Nov. 30, 1857.
The most useful work or works in a Moral point of view	5,000	„ 200	M. de Monthyon	Dec. 1, 1857.
Remarkable acts of Virtue, Self-sacrifice, &c.	10,000	„ 400	M. de Monthyon.	
The progress of French Literature during the first half of the seventeenth century	3,000	„ 120	M. de Monthyon	Nov. 30, 1857.
Thucydides, his genius and his character	3,000	„ 120	M. de Monthyon	Mar. 1, 1858.
<i>Index verborum et locutionum</i> to the works of Corneille	4,000	„ 160	The Academy	April 1, 1859.
The best and most moral Dramatic Work in verse, and in three acts, at least	10,000	„ 400	The Academy	Jan. 1, 1862.
The two best works on the History of France	10,000	„ 400	{ M. Gobert	Jan. 1, 1858.
Encouragement to a meritorious Literary Man	5,000	„ 200		
Encouragement to Literature	3,000	„ 120	M. de Latout-Landry	1858.
Encouragement to Literature	3,000	„ 120	M. Bordin	Jan. 1, 1858.
Encouragement to Literature	5,000	„ 120	M. Lambert	1858.
	63,000	„ 2,520		

PRIZES OFFERED FOR COMPETITION BY THE "ACADÉMIE DES SCIENCES."

Subjects of the Prizes.	Value of the Prizes.		Founders of the Prizes.	Dates at which the Essays, &c., are or were to be sent.
	Fr.	£		
Explain or correct Legendre's Proposition (<i>Théorie des Nombres</i> , vol. ii., p. 76, edit. 1830)	3,000	= 120	The Academy	Nov. 1, 1858.
To perfect the mathematical theory of Tides	3,000	„ 120	The Academy	Apr. 1, 1859.
Two great Mathematical prizes	{ 3,000	„ 120	{ The Academy... }	Apr. 1, 1857.
	{ 3,000	„ 120		
On the application of Steam to men-of-war	6,000	„ 240	The Academy	Nov. 1, 1857.
The best work or most important discovery in connexion with Astronomy	10,000	„ 400	M. de Lalande	1858.
For the person who has invented or perfected the most useful instrument for Agriculture, Science, &c.	450	„ 18	M. de Monthyon	Apr. 1, 1858.
The best work on the Statistics of France	477	„ 19	M. de Monthyon	Jan. 1, 1858.
On Electric Currents	3,000	„ 120	M. Bordin	May 1, 1858.
Encouragement to Engineers, Artists, or Mechanics	1,100	„ 42	M. de Trémont	1858.
On the formation and structure of Fungi	3,000	„ 120	The Academy	Dec. 31, 1857.
The best work on Experimental Physiology	805	„ 32	M. de Monthyon	Apr. 1, 1858.
The best work on Zoology or Geology	1,500	„ 60	The Academy	1860.
On the generation of Zoophytes	2,500	„ 100	M. Alhumbert	Apr. 1, 1859.
On the metamorphism of Rocks	3,000	„ 120	M. Bordin	Oct. 1, 1857.
The best work on Agriculture	10,000	„ 400	M. de Morogues	Apr. 1, 1863.
For the person who shall have discovered a cure for Asiatic Cholera ..	100,000	„ 4,000	M. Briant.	
	153,832	„ 6,151		

PRIZES OFFERED FOR COMPETITION BY THE "ACADÉMIE DES INSCRIPTIONS ET BELLES LETTRES."

Subjects of the Prizes.	Value of the Prizes.		Founders of the Prizes.	Dates at which the Essays are to be sent.
	Fr.	£		
On the character and influence of Prose Works of Fiction till the fifth century of the Christian era	2,000	= 80	The Academy	1859.
The character, origin, and vicissitudes of Byzantine Architecture.....	2,000	„ 80	The Academy	1859.
The History of Gaul before the reign of the Emperor Claudius... ..	2,000	„ 80	The Academy	1858.
The Critical History of the Koran.....	2,000	„ 80	The Academy	1859.
The best work on Numismatics			M. Allier de Hauteroine	1858.
The three best works on the Antiquities of France.....	{ 500	„ 20	{ The Academy.....	Jan. 1, 1858.
	{ 500	„ 20		
	{ 500	„ 20		
The history of the Osci before and during the Roman domination	3,000	„ 120	M. Bordin	1858.
Essay on the life and works of Terentius Varro	3,000	„ 120	M. Bordin	1859.
The institutions of the reign of Philip the Fair.....	3,000	„ 120	M. Bordin	1858.
The history of the Arts of Drawing till the age of Pericles.....	20,000	„ 800	M. Louis Fould	Jan. 1, 1860.
The two best works on the History of France	10,000	„ 400	{ M. Gobert	Jan. 1, 1858.
	5,000	„ 200		
	53,500	„ 2,140		

Brief Notices.

THE LIFE AND JOURNALS OF THE REV. DANIEL WEST, Wesleyan Minister, and Deputation to the Wesleyan Stations on the Gold Coast, Western Africa. By the Rev. T. West. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1857.

THE FOUNTAIN SEALED. A Memoir of Mary M. C. Methuen, Author of the "Morning of Life." By her Mother. Bath: Binns & Goodwin. 1857.

WE have classed these two books together, because they represent two very different kinds of biographies. The one is a record of actions—but actions of the most commonplace sort; the other a record of heart-struggles. The one—we know not how to distinguish them better—is an objective, the other a subjective biography. The first contains the life of the Rev. D. West, who, undoubtedly, was a pious, devoted man. He was born in 1815; entered the ministry in 1835; sailed for Africa in 1856; left Africa for England, but died soon after he embarked, in 1857. Now the reader knows about as much as he would if he had read the book, for his imagination can supply the usual incidents of a Wesleyan minister's life—his moving to different stations, &c., &c., and the sea voyage to Africa, and even Mr. West's visits to the missionary stations, for he seems to have been but a poor observer either of manners or men. One thing, however, we must not forget to say, and that is, that Mr. West was very successful in taking photographic likenesses of the natives, at which feat the natives were no less pleased than astonished. As a good man he will live in the memory of his immediate acquaintances

and friends; but this book will do nothing to perpetuate it. And, moreover, the author has had the bad taste to rake up the remembrance of past, and we had hoped forgotten, strife, which surely will not further what must be the desire of his heart for his late brother—*Requiescat in pace*. He has dignified the volume, too, by the title of *West Africa*, which conveys a false impression, as by a reference to our dates it will be seen that Mr. West's visit to Africa was a mere flying one; indeed, his actual time in the country was little more than two months. The book, therefore, is chiefly occupied with the life of Mr. West in England. We fear that the book will be acceptable to few but members of the Wesleyan body. To members out of that body many parts of it would be unintelligible. On the other hand, we turn to the memoirs of Miss Methuen, grateful for the record of such a life; for it relates the struggles of a soul out of darkness into light. We fully coincide with the following remark made by Dr. Jas. Hamilton in a letter to the author of the volume: "The character which it (the memoir) delineates is a very uncommon one, and biographically it possesses a peculiar charm from its having been so much a spring shut up, *a fountain sealed*." It would be impossible to express the character of Miss Methuen's life more happily than has been done by Dr. Hamilton in the metaphor of a fountain sealed. And this seems to have been felt too by the author, as she has selected it as the title of the volume. Throughout the whole of her life—which was not a long one, however, for she died at the early age of twenty-nine—her spirit was struggling to overleap the walls of its prison-house, in order to find scope for the exercise, and opportunity for the development, of powers of no ordinary kind. But she was limited and circumscribed on every hand. Her health was extremely delicate, and no sooner did she throw herself heart and soul into works of benevolence and love, than nature bade her cease. And hence, conscious of ability, and endowed with a mind of keenest susceptibility, when thus her powers were confined, she fretted and murmured. And then commenced the conflicts of her soul. Doubts assailed her in her inactivity, but she struggled on, and though the doubts were scattered, her path was beset with difficulties to the very end of her life, when she died in the full assurance of a Saviour's love. There are few lives we have read with more touching interest. We would earnestly commend the book to our lady-readers—and would that we had many of a kindred spirit to Miss Methuen! There is much in her life worthy of imitation. She delighted to visit the sick, and to teach the ignorant. Staying at Clevedon, she assembled the poor donkey-boys in her study, and taught them as long as her strength would admit. It would indeed be no rare figure of speech to call women angels, were they all like Miss Methuen! But we do not mean to say that she was perfect. Her own diary will confess her shortcomings and sins, and we hope that our readers will obtain the book and judge for themselves. We thank the mother of Miss Methuen for the publication of this memoir. It is essentially a book of the heart; and the record of the alternation of light and darkness of her daughter's path, and finally, of the bursting forth of

unclouded day upon her soul, as it winged its flight to the presence of her Saviour, will be read with thankfulness by many who are similarly tried.

A MEMOIR OF JOHN ARMSTRONG, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Grahamstown. By the Rev. T. T. Carter, M.A., Rector of Clewer. With an Introduction, by Samuel Lord Bishop of Oxford. Oxford: John Henry & James Parker. 1857.

BISHOP ARMSTRONG was a churchman of the high school—most significantly denominated as a Tractarian. With his peculiar views, therefore, we cannot be expected to sympathize; on the other hand, we can but deeply regret that a man of such earnest piety and deep devotedness to his work, should have been so confined by the narrow channel in which his life was constrained to flow. And yet it is deeply interesting to notice how much better he was than his creed. He says, in one place, "How the blessed sacrament of baptism makes us like our Lord. . . . The inner man has the lights of the other world and the life, and baptism has secretly put this life into us."—P. 51. But was not his whole life as a parish priest, in his earnest efforts to establish female penitentiaries, and later, as the self-denying Bishop of Grahamstown, a practical refutation of such a doctrine? The Lord Bishop commenced his ministerial career as curate of Alford, in Somersetshire, afterwards removed to Clifton, then to Exeter, and then to Tidenham in Gloucestershire, and, finally, to South Africa, as Bishop of Grahamstown; but leaving England in delicate health, in less than two years he departed this world; and no one, whatever may be his church views, can fail to give his tribute of admiration to such a man, whose whole life was spent in the earnest endeavour to win souls to Christ. The introduction of the Bishop of Oxford is simple, earnest, and commendatory. The author has executed his task in a creditable manner; and sympathizing with the views of the subject of the memoir, it has been to him evidently a "labour of love." The memoir is diversified with rather long extracts from the sermons and reviews of the late Bishop; but this is very pardonable, considering the few materials that were left behind for the execution of the work.

Monthly Review of Public Events.

It is a grand thing to live in times like these. The most sluggish must be lashed into excitement, and the most selfish and careless fired with public spirit by the stirring events which are continually crowding upon us. In this "Monthly Review" we shall not have much space to discuss the causes or predict the results of great transactions; we must be content to chronicle them. But what we say shall be said without fear. We shall neither court the favour nor shun the wrath of our readers; we profess no loyalty to any party in the state; we owe no homage to any political chief; we

intend to speak the truth with all frankness and honesty, remembering that we are Englishmen, Nonconformists, and Christians.

During the past month noble peers and honourable members have been hurried from their country seats, their hounds and horses, their avenues of elms and quiet libraries, to the unwelcome and unseasonable duties of legislation. Her Majesty's ministers had been compelled to advise the Directors of the Bank of England to infringe the provisions of their charter, and were in great haste to secure an indemnity. Perhaps, too, it was thought that two or three nights' discussion on Indian affairs, before Christmas, would make the work of next session a little easier; some prevailing misconceptions might be removed; Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli would exhaust their brilliant but worthless animadversions on the conduct of the Calcutta government and the Board of Control, and have fewer weapons to fight with when the real battle came on in February. The veteran tactician is wise in his generation. Of course, the Bank Indemnity Bill was passed, and the gravity of the commercial disasters, which had demanded the suspension of the Charter, gave unusual seriousness to all the debates on the principles by which our currency is regulated. The select Bank Committee was re-appointed. Mr. Disraeli thought that further inquiry was useless, and that the time had come for repealing the act of '44; Mr. Gladstone, too, believed that the question was ripe for legislation, but was anxious to increase rather than diminish the stringency of the present system.

In the debate on the Address, Lord Derby greatly distinguished himself. His lordship is without a rival in the art of giving point to just complaint, and discovering reasons for grumbling where there were none; but the Government have decidedly gained by the discussions on their Indian administration. The flagrant ignorance and incapacity of Mr. Vernon Smith are not quite so clear now as they were three weeks ago; and the public will begin to believe that, when such a clever and ingenious foe as my Lord Derby is obliged to resort to misrepresentation and groundless charges to make out a case against him, just cause of censure must be wanting. The rumours of disagreement between Lord Canning and Sir Colin Campbell have been annihilated. The gravest of the complaints against the Calcutta government, on the score of dilatoriness, have been effectually disproved. Next session, however, is to witness important changes in the government of our Eastern empire. The Chairman of the East Indian Company has received notice that the Government intend to introduce a bill for bringing the vast dominions of the Company under the immediate control of the Crown. We shall watch with anxious interest the development of Lord Palmerston's scheme.

A Reform Bill, too, is promised; but the merry Premier was unwilling to spoil Mr. Disraeli's Christmas holidays by occupying them with troublesome reflections on the details of the Government plan. We have seen a memorial on behalf of an Educational Franchise, signed by dignitaries of the Church and dignitaries of

the law,—by archbishops, bishops, and deans,—by the Lord Chief Justice and many illustrious peers,—by Oxford and Cambridge dons, and by well-known dissenting ministers. The proposal is to give to the graduates, clergy, lawyers, doctors, &c., in a district a separate member, or in very large districts separate members.

Lord Shaftesbury brought forward a bill to relax the severity of the parochial system. He proposed, that in parishes numbering more than two thousand inhabitants, the incumbent should not have the power, unless sustained by the bishop, of prohibiting the holding of Church of England services. His lordship was obliged, however, to postpone his bill. Beresford Hope would remedy the acknowledged deficiencies of the present system, by multiplying bishoprics, instead of instituting an order of “vagrant gospellers,” or “preaching friars,” which, as the *Press* predicts, would accrue if Lord Shaftesbury’s bill were carried.

An important decision has been pronounced in reference to the legality of certain Continental marriages. It is well known that, during the last twenty years, it has been a frequent practice for persons wishing to marry a deceased wife’s sister, to resort to certain Continental states where this was not illegal, under the idea that marriage there formed would be legal in England. This very unsatisfactory and objectionable mode of evading a bad law is declared to be nugatory.

Lord John Russell has, of course, re-appeared as champion of the Jews; but we have little hope that he will find the Lords at all more compliant this session than they were last.

The friends of missions will be gratified with the proposal of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to grant £5,000 to Dr. Livingstone to prosecute his African researches. The missionary enterprise has received wonderful help of late, partly from the admiration excited by the enterprising African traveller, and partly from the discovery that the missionaries have been the wisest and most honest men in India.

Thank God! Lucknow is saved. After six days of “severe and bloody struggles,” the beleaguered garrison has been relieved; the sick and wounded, ladies and children, have been carried to Cawnpore. Sir Colin Campbell has an army around him strong enough to reduce Oude to entire subjection.

Of foreign news of interest there is no lack. Liberal principles have won an important triumph in Belgium. Serfdom in Russia has received its death-blow. The Message of the President of the United States must have been read in England with unusual interest; to us, the most significant part of it is that which recommends the setting aside of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, and the reconsideration of the entire question of Central American politics. We earnestly trust that there is no danger of serious disagreement.

On the whole, we believe that the clouds which have hung so gloomily over our heads during the last six or eight months are beginning to scatter, and with some hopefulness and courage we can wish our readers from our very hearts A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Books Received.

- Anti-Slavery Advocate, for December. Wm. Tweedie.
 Atherstone's (Edwin) The Handwriting on the Wall. 3 vols. Bentley.
 Atlantic Monthly, for December. Trübner & Co.
 Aveling's (Rev. Thos.) Leviathan: a Discourse. 20 pp. Judd & Glass.
 Baynes's (Henry S.) Biblical Exercise on the True Site of Calvary. 40 pp. G. J. Stevenson.
 Belaney's (Archibald) Hundred Days of Napoleon: a Poem. 194 pp. A. Hall, Virtue, & Co.
 Betham-Edwards's (M.) The White House by the Sea: a Love Story. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, & Co.
 Bible Class Magazine, for 1857. Vol. X. Sunday School Union.
 Bibliotheca Sacra, and American Biblical Repository. Trübner & Co.
 Bland's (H.) Apocryphical History contained in Book of Revelation. 648 pp. T. Murray & Son.
 Book of Psalms (Authorized Version); in parallelism; preface & notes. 252 pp. Rel. T. Soc.
 British Workman, and Friend of the Sons of Toil. 3rd Yearly Part. Partridge & Co.
 British Workman Almanac. Partridge & Co.
 Captivity of Two Russian Princes in the Caucasus. Related by themselves. 344 pp. Smith & Elder.
 Cassell's (John) Art Treasures' Exhibition, for December. Part VII. Kent & Co.
 Child's Own Magazine, for 1857. Sunday School Union.
 Collette's (Chas. H.) Invocation of Saints: a Lecture. 88 pp. Wertheim & Macintosh.
 Commentary Wholly Biblical. Part XIV. Samuel Bagster & Sons.
 Congregational Pulpit. Vol. IV. Judd & Glass.
 Cannon's (Jno., M.A.) Letter in Defence of Liberty of the Press in India. 37 pp. Algar & Street.
 Crashaw's Poetical Works and Quarles's Emblems, by Gilfillan. 368 pp. Edinburgh: J. Nichol.
 Darling's (Jas.) Cyclopædia Bibliographica: Subjects—Holy Scriptures. Part III. J. Darling.
 Davison's (Wm. Hope) Psalms and Hymns for Public and Social Worship. 790 pp. J. Tindolton.
 Doubleday's (Thos.) Why is Money Scarce?—the Question Answered. 38 pp. Smith, Elder, & Co.
 Dyer's (Wm. H.) The Sudden Summons. 71 pp. Judd & Glass.
 Elmlicht's (T.) Theophania, or Scriptural View of the Logos, &c. 620 pp. T. Richardson & Son.
 Evangelical Christendom, for December. Office: 7, Adam Street, Strand.
 Ferguson's (Dr. Robt.) Penalties of Greatness. 459 pp. Ward & Co.
 Ferry's (Gabriel) Cavaliers and Free-Lances of New Spain. 202 pp. Jas. Blackwood.
 Four Sisters (The): Patience, Humility, Hope, and Love. 369 pp. Routledge.
 Fraser's Magazine, for December. Jno. W. Parker & Son.
 French Protestant Church: Letter to Elders and Deacons. 16 pp. Wm. Dalton.
 Gazette of Assoc. for Repeal of Taxes on Knowledge, for November. Seventh Report.
 Goodwin's (Rev. H.) Commentary on St. Matthew. 558 pp. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co.
 Groser (Wm. H.) Illustrative Teaching. 45 pp. Ward & Co.
 Gurney's (Rev. Jno. H.) Four Sermons on the Indian Mutiny. 172 pp. Rivingtons.
 Hardwick's (Chas., M.A.) Christ and other Masters. Part III. 208 pp. Macmillan & Co.
 Howell's (Rev. J. W.) The Blasphemy against the Holy Ghost: a Sermon. 15 pp. Judd & Glass.
 Hulme's (Saml.) Path of Peace. 92 pp. J. B. Cooke.
 Ingham's (R.) Premillennial Thoughts. 102 pp. Houlston & Stoneman.
 Jewish Chronicle, for December. Nos. 155, 156, 157, 158. Office: 7, Bevis Marks.
 Jukes's (Andrew) Types of Genesis. 407 pp. Longmans.
 Ladies' Treasury, for December. Ward & Lock.
 Landor's (Walter Savage) Dry Sticks Fagoted. 251 pp. Edinburgh: Jas. Nicholl.
 Leask's (Rev. Dr. W.) Young Man's Best Capital: a Lecture. 15 pp. Judd & Glass.
 Liberator, for December. Houlston & Wright.
 London University Magazine, for December. A. Hall, Virtue, & Co.
 Mackenzie's Transl. of C. E. Nebelin's Great Day of Atonement. 161 pp. Richard Bentley.
 Martineau's (Harriet) British Rule in India. 356 pp. Smith, Elder, & Co.
 Muston's (Dr. Alexis) Israel of the Alps: Hist. of Waldenses. 2 vols., pp. 478, 540. Blackie & Son.
 News of the Churches and Journal of Missions, for December. Edinburgh: Constable & Co.
 Orthodox Doctrine of the Apostolic Eastern Church, &c. 239 pp. Whittaker & Co.
 Paterson's (Dr. Jno.) The Book for Every Land. 412 pp. Jno. Snow.
 Porter's (Rev. J. L., A.B.) National Christianity for India. 32 pp. Wertheim & Macintosh.
 Powell's (Baden) Christianity without Judaism: Essays (2nd Series). 263 pp. Longmans.
 Revue Chrétienne: Recueil Mensuel. Part XII., December. Paris: Ch. Meyrenis et Cie.
 "Rivulet:" 11 Letters on Dr. Campbell's "Peversions and Misrepresentations." 53 pp. Stevenson.
 Roberts's (Edwin F.) The Christmas Guests round the Seacoal Fire. 32 pp. G. Vickers.
 Ruskin's (John) Political Economy of Art. 248 pp. Smith, Elder, & Co.
 St. John's (Bayle) Montaigne, the Essayist: a Biography. 2 vols., pp. 336, 327. Chapman & Hall.
 Sketch of Rev. J. P. Chown, Bradford. 12 pp. Glasgow Examiner Office.
 Stacey's (Rev. J.) The Church and the Age. 272 pp. J. B. Cooke.
 Stoddart's (Sir J., LL.D.) Glossology, or Hist. Relations of Languages, (Ency Met.) 387 pp. Griffin.
 Sunday School Union Magazine, for 1857. Vol. XIV. Sunday School Union.
 Symington's (A. J.) The Beautiful in Nature, Art, and Life. 2 vols., pp. 446, 322. Longmans.
 Taylor's (Isaac) World of Mind: an Elementary Book. 400 pp. Jackson & Walford.
 Thackeray's (W. M.) Esmond. 464 pp., cheaper edit. Smith, Elder, & Co.
 Thorne's (E. H.) Selection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes. 188 pp. W. W. Gardner.
 Wallace's (Alex.) Gleanings of Life: Memoir of James Stirling. 116 pp. Scot. Temp. League.
 White's (Rev. Jas.) The Eighteen Christian Centuries. 511 pp. Blackwood & Sons.
 White's (J. Metcalfe, B.A.) Hymns for Open-Air Services. 16 pp. Judd & Glass.
 Williams's (Rev. R., D.D.) Christian Freedom in Council of Jerusalem. 110 pp. Deighton & Bell.
 Willie's Birthday. 76 pp. illustrated. Smith, Elder, & Co.
 Willie's Rest: a Sunday Story for Young Readers. 95 pp. illustrated. Smith, Elder, & Co.
 Year Nine (The). By Author of "Mary Powell." 282 pp. A. Hall, Virtue, & Co.